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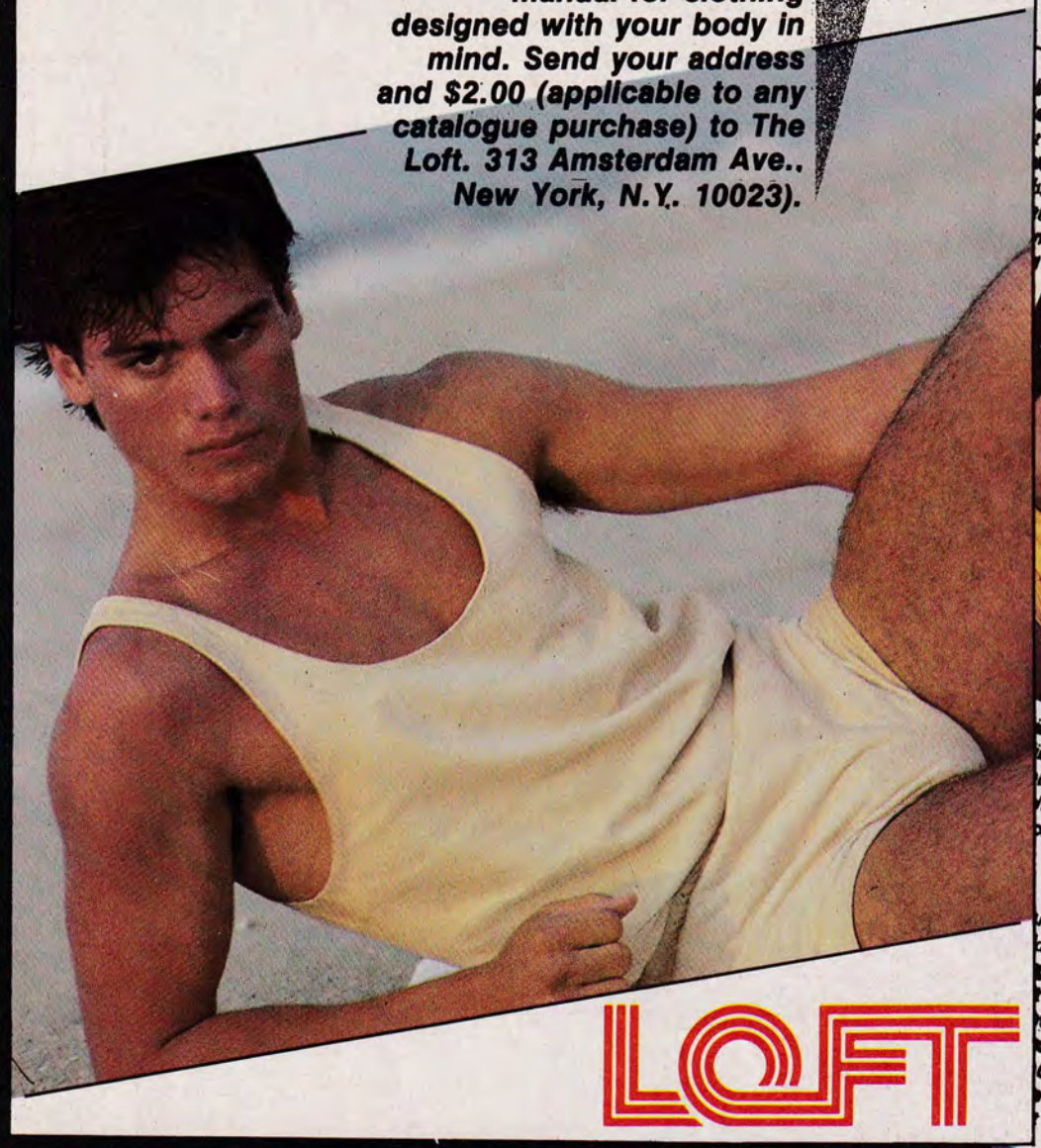

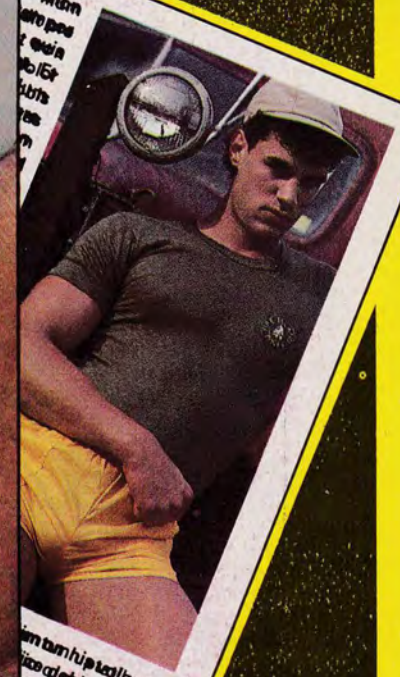

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THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

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COVER: MAN TO MAN STUDIO

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The sound of boots hitting the wood floor woke me from my stoned reverie. He was unbuttoning his flannel shirt. I tried not to stare at his chest as he tossed his shirt aside, but his brown-red nipples drew my eyes like magnets.

MOUNTAIN MAN

by Ron Halstead • Photos by Naakkve

Outside the snow fell. I could see it clearly through the window from where I lay on the floor. I pushed the blanket back and scooted closer to the fire blazing in the hearth. I was warm, but I was lonely.

Originally I had intended to have someone there with me, someone hunky and fuzzy and as naked as I was, but he had called and cancelled while I was packing. Fuck it, I decided, I'm going anyway. The cabin was already paid for, after all, and I needed to get away from the city for a while, so I threw my things into the car and drove up to the mountains for the weekend. And got snowed in.

Before the snow brought the phone lines down, I got word to John at home that yes, I had enough food and firewood to last a few more days but no, I couldn't get back until the roads cleared. He was horribly apologetic about the whole thing and kept telling me over and over again how bad he felt about my being stranded, not only out in the middle of nowhere, but all alone. He spent so much time talking about how horny I must be that I began to notice how horny I really was. My cock was hard, and my right hand had instinctively found its way down to console my lonely member. When I told John what I was doing, he laughed. He was naked too, he said, and also stroking an erection. Then we both really started to get into it. Since we couldn't see one another, we both had to describe how our naked bodies looked, what we were doing, and how good it felt. The results surprised both of us. I had always figured that jerking off over the phone would be impersonal if not downright boring; it was anything but. In fact, we both enjoyed it so much that John was going to call back again the next night.

So instead I lay there stroking myself alone. Not that I object to masturbation; I always find time for it once in a while, no matter how busy my love life is. And right now the sensations were exquisitely erotic: the warmth of the fire made my cockhead and nipples tingle, and there was a cool draft brushing against my bare ass that sent shivers up my spine. I closed my eyes and let my hands explore the body I had described in such lurid detail on the phone the night before. My legs are long and slender with barely any hair on them at all. I

stroked down their length to the tips of my toes (I'm *very* limber), then slowly back up my body. My hands carefully avoided touching the swelling in my crotch; instead, they teased it, encouraged it, but restrained themselves. I rubbed my tight, smooth stomach and firm pectorals, rubbed up my neck and into my short-cropped blond hair. There was something luxurious, almost decadent about it, this one-man orgy. My right hand, with a will of its own now, pushed two fingers deep into my mouth while my left wrapped itself around the base of my aching shaft. Nothing was on my mind except my own pleasure; I had entered an intensely intimate realm.

Which is why the knock on the door startled me so much. I had barely realized what had happened when I found myself standing, facing the door, with my blanket clutched to my chest and my tumescence fading fast. When my heart started beating again I cinched the blanket around my waist sarong style and moved to open the door.

But as I reached for the knob, I hesitated. My surprise was gone; I was suddenly angry that someone, anyone, would intrude on my solitude. I snatched the doorknob and flung the door open wide, having completely forgotten about the blizzard outside. Immediately I was engulfed in a flurry of snow which wrapped itself around me and melted on my warm skin. I shrieked loudly and retreated to the fire, no longer interested in who was outside. I heard the door close behind me and, as I shivered back to warmth, I heard a soft, resonant laugh. I turned to confront him.

The insult that I had prepared to hurl at him melted on my tongue. He was gorgeous. Though no taller than me, my visitor seemed huge because of his broad shoulders and solid build. In the city I would have said he was a body builder. Out here, clad as he was in denim and flannel, I had no doubt that he was a real mountain man. His strength might have been carved from the very hardwoods of the forest. I watched him as he took off his gloves and parka. He had straight, brown hair which hung down almost to his shoulders, longer than I had seen on a man in some time. He also had a beard, thick though closely tended, as dark as his hair but shot through with streaks of red. Out of it his teeth shone whitely, looking like ivory inlaid in a deep-grained mahogany. He was grinning impishly at me.

I motioned him in toward the fire. He stepped closer into the bright light and, after stretching his things out to dry, offered me a large, strong hand.

"Doug," he said. I noticed now that his eyes were also brown, but soft and gentle looking, like Bambi's, in sharp contrast to his rugged exterior.

"Frank," I replied, taking his hand. It was warm despite the cold. I let it go reluctantly. With the formalities over, we both stretched out, he in the armchair and I on the floor where I had been, with my back to the sofa. He spoke first.

"I knew this cabin was rented," he said with emphasis. "I wanted to be sure y'all were all right." His accent was faint.

"Just me here," I said, stretching. I tried to look as alluring as possible, but couldn't detect any response. "And yes," I continued, "I'm fine thank you, though I would enjoy a little company."

"Lucky for both of us. The snow brought a big tree down on my place. I was kinda hoping I could bunk here till it lets up enough to do something about it." He paused, looked concerned, then added, "I've got food aplenty there if you need it."

I patted my hand on the sofa and considered my fortune. The sofa was a hide-a-bed, but I wasn't about to let him know that. If he was straight, the next few days were going to be agonizing. But if he was something other than a dyed-in-the-wool, lights off, missionary-position heterosexual, I was determined to find out.

"You're welcome to stay for as long as you like," I heard myself saying. I began to hope it would snow until spring.

We sat in silence for a long time. It was a refreshing change from city life; there was no stereo, no television, not even a clock. Yet we were relaxed, at ease with the quiet, not trying desperately to think of something to say as so often happens in the city. We established a sense of communion much quicker this way than we could have with a whole evening's worth of conversation. He stopped stroking his beard and reached into his pocket as he spoke.

"Do you smoke?" he asked, producing a wooden pipe and a small leather pouch. I shook my head.

"Not tobacco," I said as an afterthought.

"Good," he said, giving me that boyish grin of his which told me that it wasn't tobacco he'd had in mind. I was so surprised I laughed aloud. He handed me the bowl to light.

"This is going to make things a lot easier," I said, inhaling deeply.

"Good," he repeated. I coughed, taken aback. I looked into his eyes as I passed the pipe back to him, but they neither confirmed nor denied my unasked question. He was smiling placidly.

Wondering whether he was gay or straight, along with the pot, which was far stronger than any I had had in a long time, began to work on my system. I tried not to fool myself; country folk were unpredictable. If I made an overt pass at him I might get my face bashed in. I decided that, since I had at least one more day to observe him, for the moment I would have to be content with looking at him and talking to him and maybe, accidentally of course, snuggling up to him in bed in the middle of the night.

As his thrashing became even more violent, I sank my ass all the way down on his hot fuck-muscle. His warmth exploded inside me as my own cum shot across the forest of his chest.

The sound of boots hitting the wood floor woke me from my stoned reverie. He was unbuttoning his shirt now, moving down onto the floor beside me so that we could pass the pipe more easily. I tried not to stare at his chest as he tossed his shirt onto the sofa. I failed. His brown-red nipples drew my eyes like magnets. His stomach was solid, though slightly rounded, and the dark, curly hair spread down over his navel and disappeared into his jeans. I had to close my eyes! The effects of the pot had carried me off again, into a bizarre fantasy where I was the size of a Barbie doll, rolling around in the hair on that chest and biting at his pie-sized nipples. When I was able to open my eyes again, I saw that Doug's were closed, and his head tilted back into the seat of the armchair. I could look at him all I wanted.

What I saw surprised me. He was

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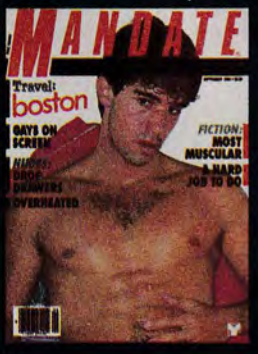

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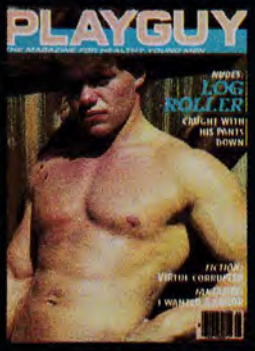

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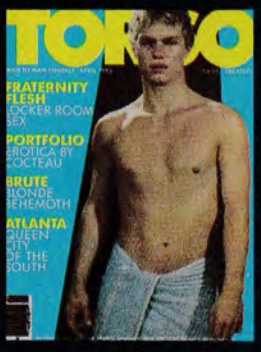

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Man to Man Contact

stroking the black, bristly hair around one of his nipples. As if that wasn't enough, he began to pinch it, and while I stared fixedly at him he let out a low, purring sound. I struggled to do something, but couldn't move. Soon I was no longer even able to focus my eyes, and they dropped shut again as the cannabis dreams filled my head.

Years later I felt a warm pressure on the side of my neck. It was Doug's hand rubbing me back to consciousness. His face was a few inches in front of mine, his breath sweet in my nostrils.

"Time for bed," he said. He led me to the other room and turned to take off his pants. In the back of my mind I heard a small, paranoid voice warning me, but I knew that was just the dope. Doug had stripped down to his thermal underwear; I knew it would be there, and I expected it to stay on him all night. But then he pulled that off, too. He flexed his shoulders, with his back to me, then turned to face me, naked. Only then did I realize that I hadn't moved all this time, that I had done nothing but stand and watch him undress, and that he must know I was fascinated by his body. His face betrayed none of that.

I was naked too. My left hand was pulling on my pubic hair, and my eyes focused on the thick, black bush that cradled his cock. It was neither limp nor hard, big nor small. It was beautiful.

"Which side of the bed do you sleep on?" he was asking as he turned down the covers. I fought to remember.

"Uh, that one," I said, pointing to where he stood. He lay down on it even as I pointed.

"Too bad," he said, adjusting the pillow behind his head. He grinned at me again, boyishly; he was baiting me. I leapt into action. Had I been less stoned I wouldn't have jumped him; but, under the influence of his pot, I landed across his chest, a knee on either side of it. He bucked up, nearly throwing me off the bed. With a twist, he pinned me. We struggled back and forth, scattering the covers and pillows onto the floor around us. In the end I was no match for his size and strength. I was pinned down, and he held my hands over my head. He sat on my hips, holding me down easily with his weight. Then I noticed what was staring me in the face: his cock was rigid, no longer than my own but thicker. A drop of pre-cum oozed from his purple dickhead and smeared into the silky hairs on my chest. Then I realized that my own cock was hard, too, and tapping rhythmically on the back of his sweaty, hairy ass.

"I surrender!" I surrender!" I called out in mock terror. Then I put on my best pair of bedroom eyes and said, "You can have anything you'd like." I gave that a moment to sink in, then asked, "What would you like?" He smiled warmly at me, allaying any fears I may still have harbored.

He answered, "I think you know." I did. I pulled my wrists free from his grasp and grabbed his thighs, pulling his hips up to where I could get his stiff cock in my mouth. I lapped the strand from its head, then ran my tongue around its rim. He moaned as he had done earlier, and I looked up and saw him playing with his nipples again.

First things first, I decided. I shifted slightly, bucking him up. He got the message, moved off of me, and I guided him down to where he was lying on his back. I straddled him, positioning myself so that the head of his cock was just between my asscheeks, and dropped my head to kiss that moist, warm mouth nestled in his luxuriant beard. Our tongues wrestled until I pulled away and dived onto one of his waiting nipples. He gasped with pleasure, faintly mumbling a surprised, "How did you know?" before returning to his ecstatic groanings. He began to grind his hips upward, pushing the tip of his dick into my ass.

Then he took control. Grabbing me in a frenzied burst of energy, he sucked me in and took my aching tool down his hot throat so far that his beard scratched my balls. Sliding his mouth and right hand up and down the length of my dick, he gathered some of his spit and moved his hand back to loosen me up for penetration. I almost didn't need it. He slid a finger, then two, inside me. I tensed my muscle and saw his eyes widen in amazement at my strength. He pushed me back to where he could enter me, and thrust slowly but deeply until he was in me to the hilt. He grasped my cock firmly with his moist hand and began stroking me off as he pushed upward. I ground my tailbone against his fuzzy balls, then lifted myself up on my knees until he was almost out of me. Then I tightened my sphincter with all my might and began popping his head rapidly in and out of my ass. He squeezed my cock tightly. His pulling became as strained and as heavy as his breathing. As his thrashings lost their vestige of control I sank all the way down taking him in and feeling his warmth explode inside me as my own cum shot across the forest of his chest. I collapsed into his waiting arms, licking a tiny bit of my own love juice from the whiskers on his chin before settling down to snuggly kisses. His softened cock slid from me as I rolled over beside him, and we held each other and cuddled until we both fell asleep.

The next morning we rose to find that the snow had stopped, and by afternoon it began to look as though we wouldn't have another night together after all.

"Will you come visit me in the city?" I asked, stroking his hair as he nibbled lovingly on one of my nipples.

"Where do you live?" he asked. I told him the address.

"Sure," he said. "That's only a twenty minute drive from my house." I pulled his head up roughly by the sideburns; he was smiling again.

"What?" I screamed in his face. "I thought you lived up here!"

"Did I say that?" he asked innocently. "I'm renting, just like you." He laughed gently at my fury. His grin remained.

"Bastard," I said, pouting. I pulled him closer to me.

"It was fun though, wasn't it?" I grudgingly agreed. "It will be again." He pushed me out of bed and threw a t-shirt at me. "So help me get my stuff out of that other cabin, and I'll race you home to bed." ■

The cocksucker couldn't decide which cock to suck first, or harder. Both cocks tried to push their way into his mouth; sometimes he felt both cockheads ramming against each other, trying to force their way in.

MANIMAL

by Rick Adams • Art by Weston F. Lansdale

Mike leaned against the end of a picnic table and yanked off his muscle shirt. A bit of breeze played around his waist and through the hair on his chest. That felt nice on a warm day like this.

He dropped the leash in his hand and let his dog wander off to sniff out the area. "Zeus!" he called after the animal, warning it not to wander away too far.

He stretched out on the table top and squinted against the trickles of light filtering through the oak leaves. The cracks between the boards felt cool on his bare back. His muscles relaxed, and after a couple of minutes the rustling of the leaves above him made his brain fog over. He was in a state of deep relaxation.

Goddammit! I love this place, he thought. He raised his head a little and cradled it in his hands. His eyes wandered around the table where he was lying. Zeus was methodically checking out every scent in a large circle around Mike's resting spot, and just as methodically he was marking his territory with fresh scent. It was a warning to all potential newcomers that they would be treading on his ground.

Mike took a deep breath and let his mind wander off to the jumble of nights he'd spent prowling around here. In a way he felt like it was his territory, too. When it got dark in a few hours this would be one of the hottest spots in the park. Off the beaten track, dark as hell, and crawling with horny young men.

Mike looked down at his denim cut-offs and smiled to himself. A thick bulge ran down his right pant-leg, and a plump pink head was half sticking out. He didn't give a fuck. In fact, he might have pulled it out and beat off right there except that he'd just decided he was going to be one of the horny young men who would cruise around this spot later on.

At ten o'clock, he headed into the park again, wearing only a pair of flimsy shorts and his sneakers. The breeze was still warm and his muscles twitched with excitement as he strode along.

He headed straight into the darkness of the trees. A few lone figures passed close by, but he paid little notice just yet. He was looking for the core of the cruising area. As he neared the table where he had stretched out in the afternoon, Mike stopped and looked around. It was still early. Nobody here yet.

He pulled out his dick and pissed onto the base of a tree trunk, while his eyes darted through the dark, watching for signs of movement. He shook off his meat and flipped it back inside his shorts with one hand as he strode off into the darkness, anxious to begin the hunt.

Several paths ran through the trees and bushes, and Mike travelled up and down every one of them. Occasionally he would meet a dark figure coming toward him, but it was always that other figure who had to brush by at the side of the path. Mike never veered from his course right down the center.

Time and time again he returned to the territory surrounding the picnic table. Each time he found it empty, and each time he would circle around and strike out again for a dark path. After an hour, Mike returned to find two figures at the end of the picnic table. He felt a powerful surge rush up

the back of his neck into his brain. One figure was sitting against the end of the table in the very spot where he had sat that afternoon. The other one stood facing the first, about a foot directly in front, with his head thrown back and holding a stiff cock that thrust out into the dark night. Just enough moonlight filtered down through the thick leaves to cast a silhouette.

Mike approached cautiously, then backed off and began to circle the pair in the instinctive wide arc of a wild animal. He proceeded slowly and methodically until he had made a complete turn, all the time keeping his eyes on the two from the perimeter but not daring to come any closer. Without realizing it, he was marking the boundary that no newcomer could cross over without becoming involved.

The figure sitting on the table watched Mike closely as he continued to circle. At last, apparently satisfied that Mike did not pose a threat, he reached out to the cock projecting toward him and thrust the knob inside his mouth. His lips slid slowly back and forth along the shaft, but his eyes followed Mike's every movement.

Mike turned around and proceeded to follow his circular path from the other direction. His eyes darted to the outside now, peering into the darkness for signs of life, for signs of movement. He glanced back periodically to the pair at the picnic table to make sure the cocksucker was still working on the cock.

A dark figure came out of the trees and sauntered nearer. Mike struck out from his path to intercept the stranger. He strode directly toward him, which was slightly against the rules of cruising after dark, but not against the rules of protecting your territory.

The stranger instinctively veered off to the left, but Mike followed him closely, driving him off into the darkness again. Fuck off, you shit-face bastard, Mike thought to himself. He didn't need to say anything. His actions spoke for him.

About a hundred feet out, Mike knew he had succeeded. He spun around and headed in a direct line back to his post. A strong urge was pulling him back to make sure things were still the same, that everything was okay.

As he neared his path, Mike sensed something was wrong. The cocksucker had stopped his movements, and was holding his mouth still over the stiff cock. His eyes darted furtively from one side to the other, as if watching for something to sneak up behind him. The man standing in front of him had snapped out of the dreamy bliss of having his cock sucked, and he too peered steadily into the blackness ahead of him, alert for the unexpected.

Someone was there. A dark shadow had plastered itself against a tree trunk directly behind the two and across the circle from Mike. Even more alarming, he had sneaked inside the imaginary boundary that Mike had marked. He was too close not to be involved with the cock getting sucked. Not physically involved, of course, but by his very closeness, he was psychologically involved. It was too close for Mike.

Without thinking, Mike struck straight across the center of the circle, almost brushing the pair at the table. He didn't even glance at them as he strode swiftly by, but kept a steady eye on the shadow against the tree beyond.

He approached in such a head-on manner that the shadow instinctively slid around to the opposite side of the tree. Mike knew what he had to do. Keeping close to the trunk, he half-circled the tree in three or four quick steps. Then he stopped directly in front of the dark figure glued against the trunk; his face was only inches from a handsome young face peering back at him. Mike's eyes blazed through the darkness into the other eyes. He grabbed the stranger's crotch, a little roughly, and squeezed the half-hard cock sticking down the young man's leg.

When it got dark in a few hours, this would be one of the hottest spots in the park. Off the beaten track, a shadow world filled with horny young men.

Mike glanced over at the pair on the picnic table. The cocksucker's eyes were on Mike, but he was apparently satisfied that the situation was under control, since he had begun to bob back and forth on the stiff cock again.

Mike turned, and headed away from the table. He turned his head two or three times as he wandered away, beckoning the stranger by the tree to follow him.

The stranger did follow. Mike led him off behind another tree a few yards outside the boundary he had made earlier. He fell to his knees, but in a position that allowed him to watch the pair at the picnic table out of the corner of his eye. Completely governed now by instinct, Mike unzipped the jeans in front of him and pulled out a cock that was quickly filling with blood, and a big pair of balls.

He let some saliva roll to the front of his mouth, then slid his lips over the head and down the shaft. He attacked the cock with a vengeance, sucking it hard and fast. His tongue wiggled crazily on the bottom of the dick while his fists squeezed the balls and the base.

The young cock couldn't hold out long against Mike's cocksucking. It only took a minute or two before it spewed its seed all over Mike's tongue. Mike swallowed the cum and looked up at the handsome stranger.

"Whew!" the young man said, "you sure are one hell of a cocksucker!"

Mike got to his feet, grinned and watched as the young stranger stuffed his meat away. Mike patted him lightly on the ass, then strode off into the night. He wouldn't be back. He had gotten what he came for.

Mike directed his attention back to his pair at the picnic table. They were still hot at it. Once again Mike felt as though he had protected them from invaders.

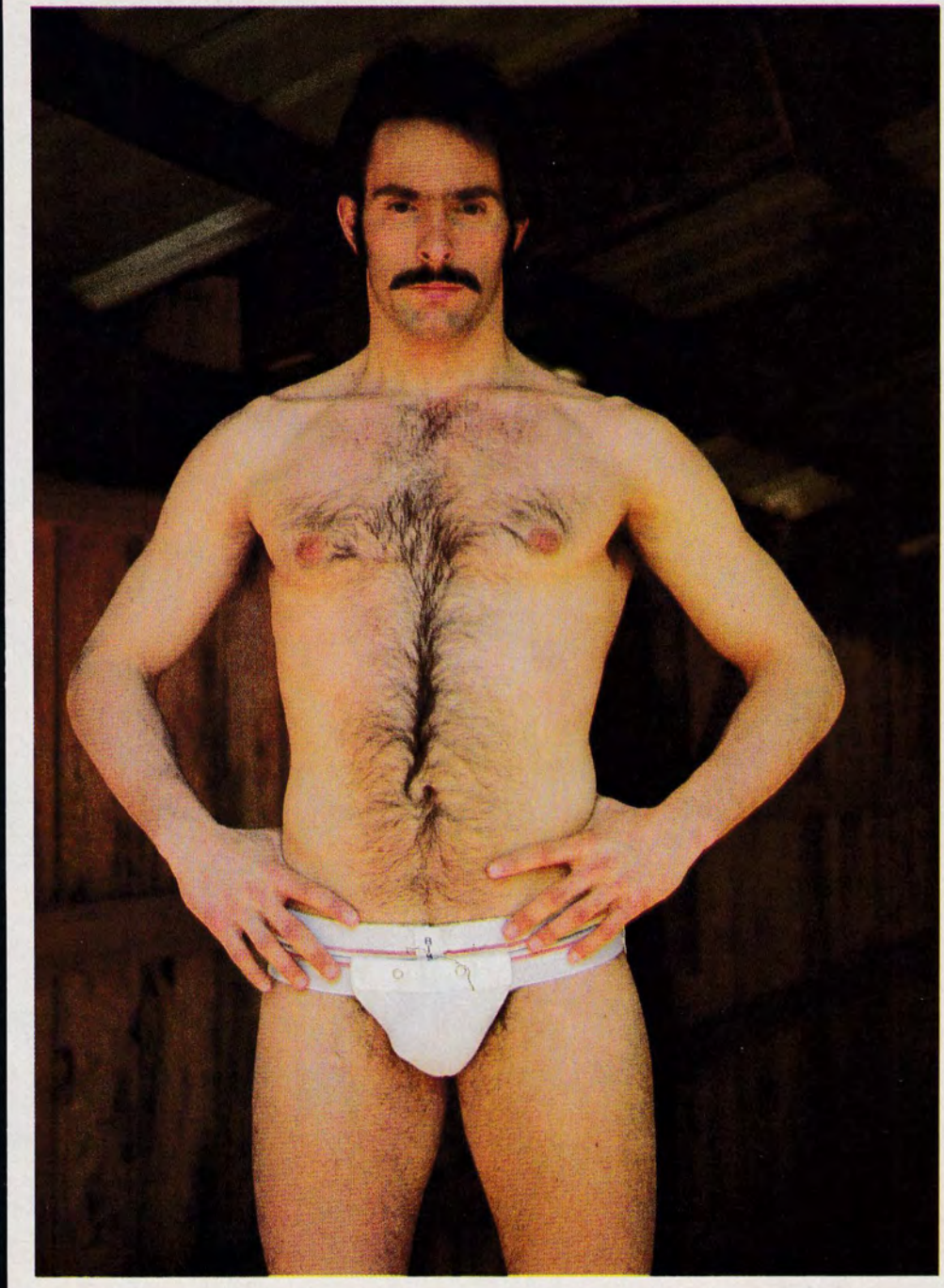
Mike's balls were on fire now. They were rolling and churning and sending out stabs of excitement that flew up his backbone and to every part of his body. As he continued his guard duty, he strode with his legs wide apart, letting his balls have as much room as possible.

His cock was hard and it stuck out from his groin, pushing the thin material of his shorts into a tent. He loved strutting around with a rock-hard dick. It made him feel masculine and indomitable.

The two at the picnic table continued their marathon, stopping for short rests from time to time, then continuing slowly. The cocksucker looked

Continued to page 21

TALK ME INTO IT

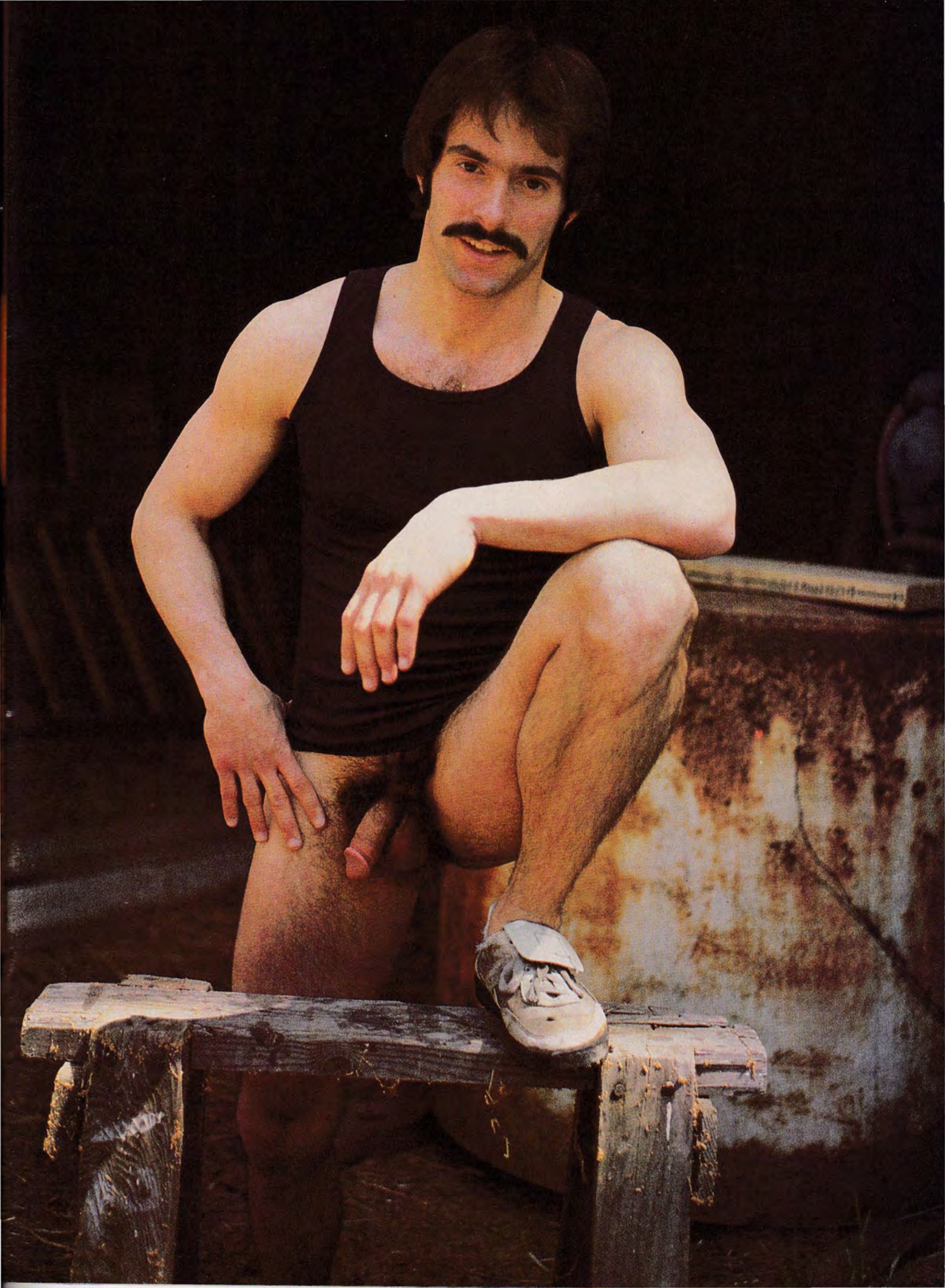


When you first saw him, you didn't think he was your type. Meaning, a guy who digs other guys. But he sure fooled you, didn't he? All it took was a friendly smile and a few compliments.

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROMEO

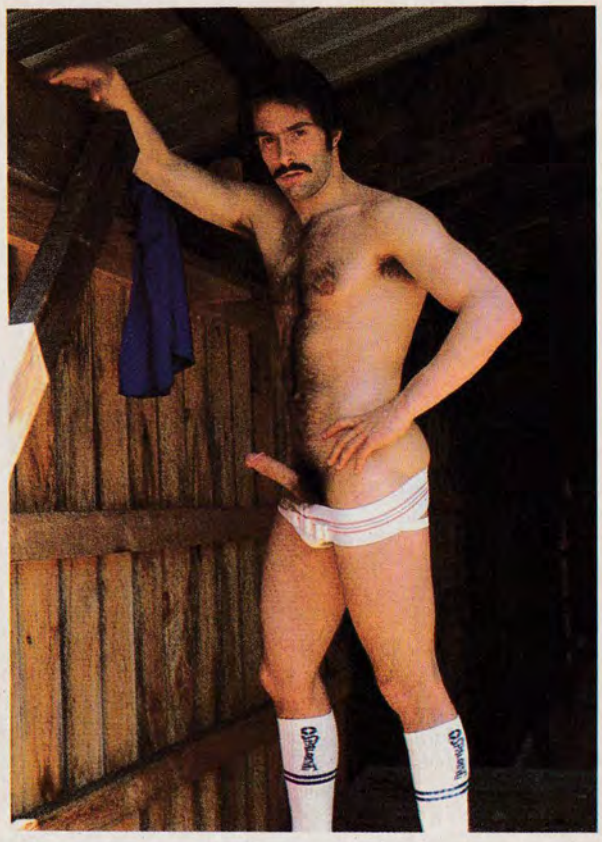
TALK ME INTO IT

You told him how much you admired his lean, hard body, with its well-toned muscles. "Keep talkin' that shit," he said, as he peeled off his jeans.



TALK ME INTO IT

Your silver tongue worked like never before, and soon you talked him out of everything—out of his shirt, his pants, his jock. He was a little uptight; after all, it was his first time. But that tongue of yours took care of any lingering inhibitions.



TALK ME INTO IT

After it was all over and he began to put his clothes back on, he was the one offering compliments. "Jeez," he said, "that was fuckin' great. Ya think maybe I could—well, you know—could I, uh, do you?" You didn't need to be talked into it.

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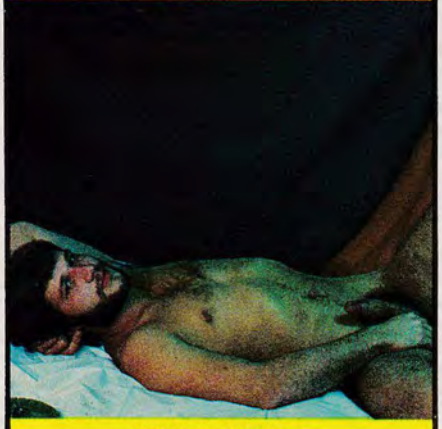

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Continued from page 21

like he wanted to continue sucking forever, and it seemed that his partner wanted to have his stiff one sucked and sucked and sucked.

As the night went by, Mike continued protecting his territory. Any figures that wandered too close were quickly warded off by his aggressive stride towards them.

Four or five times, persistent cruisers insisted on coming back in spite of his efforts. Each time that happened Mike sensed that they were not going to give up; the urge was too strong within them.

They needed the enthusiasm sucked out of them.

And each time, Mike would approach, attack the crotch of the invader, and suck the juice out as forcefully as he could. Each time the invader, with its pressing urge now gone, would slink back into the night and disappear.

At last the invaders stopped coming. It was a remote spot, and the all-night cruisers didn't hang around here. Just the horny young guys wanting quick sex.

Mike kept up his guard for a long time after everyone else had disappeared. He kept pacing back and forth, and around the table, always peering out into the dark looking for movements of any kind.

Finally he became convinced that there was no one else out there, and his attention began to drift inward. The cocksucker sensed the change, and stopped periodically to gaze at his protector.

After a while, Mike began to move in closer, drawn by the bond that had developed. The cocksucker, also keenly aware of the bond, kept pulling Mike closer with his eyes. Closer and closer Mike came until he seemed within striking distance, and all of a sudden he simply melted in with the other two.

The cocksucker jumped on Mike's cock and sank onto it greedily. It took only a couple of minutes before he had the cock jumping around wildly, crazy to spew out its juice. Then he switched to the other cock, the one he'd been working on for so long. But now it was time for serious action, so he sucked on it furiously, trying to make it shoot also.

The cocksucker went back and forth from one cock to the other, as if he couldn't decide which one he wanted to suck first, or harder. Both cocks tried to push their way into his mouth; sometimes he felt both cockheads ramming agaist each other, trying to force their way in.

The hours of excitement had put incredible strain on Mike's dick. Unable to hold back his flood any longer, he roughly shoved the other cock out of his way, grabbed the cocksucker's head, and crammed his meat far back into the throat. He thrust in hard two or three times, then felt thrilling stabs shoot through his balls, his cock, his abdomen, and down his legs. His cock shot hard into the throat again and again, as he tried to make his cum squirt forever.

At last he relaxed, but the other cock was pushing into the mouth now, pushing him out of the way. Mike stood close and watched as the other cock thrust hard into the mouth, as the body doubled up and shot the load out of its cock into the mouth that was still greedy for cum.

In a few minutes, the two fell apart, slapped each other lightly on the ass, and slowly drifted off into the night. Mike was left alone in the midnight blackness. But he didn't feel alone. He leaned against his picnic table. He crossed his arms and peered into the darkness, then at the trees all around him.

This was his territory. ■

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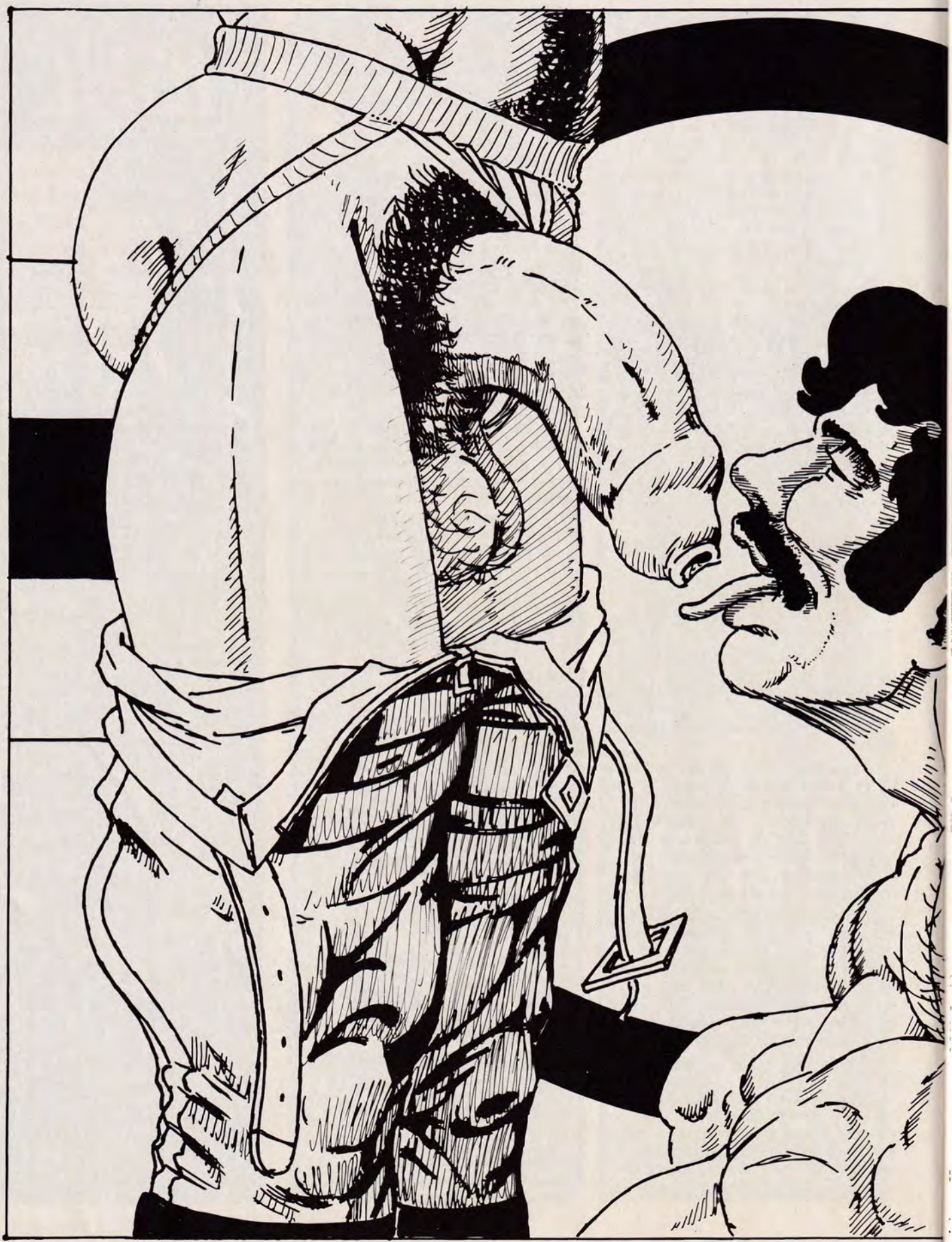

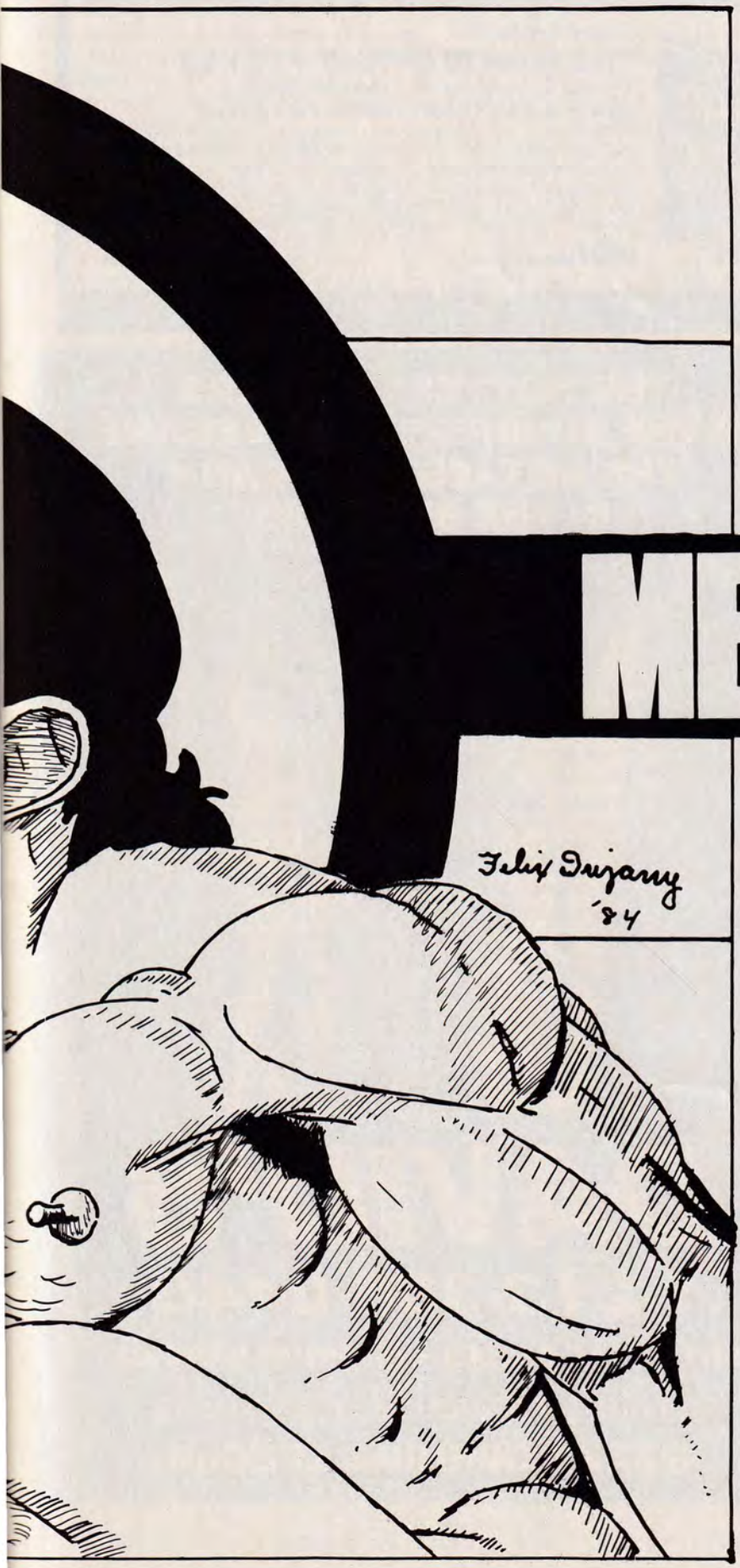

My son-in-law had been unemployed for four months, so he was always at home after my wife — and his wife — left for work. I didn't mind having him around; I was no Archie Bunker, but he was a

MEATHEAD

by Allen Reed • Art by Felix Irizarry

Jason's long, gracefully muscled body sprawled sensuously across my sofa. He was a breathtaking young man awake, but he was even more beautiful asleep. That morning he wore only a pair of twill jogging shorts. I stood studying the hills and planes of his tanned young body. From my vantage point I could see where the hairs grew darker and more dense before disappearing into the legs of the shorts. He had obviously fought the sheet off during the night, since it lay in a soft pile on the floor beside him. He shifted, lifting an athletic knee. The leg of his loose-fitting shorts gaped, revealing an abundant testicle. Beside it, in plain view, lay the head of his young cock. My throat felt dry. I shook with frustration, unable to tear my eyes away from the youthful, dark secrets his scanty clothing barely concealed.

I needed a man. I needed to touch, feel and taste hard dick. It had been three years since Paul, my last male lover; my last male encounter.

Unaware that he had an audience, Jason stretched his runner's legs and lovingly massaged a handful of himself through the thin fabric. His dick responded by lengthening and thickening instantly. A good three inches of

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erecting fat cock crept out of the restricting leg of his shorts. He's probably dreaming of some pretty cheerleader type like Lori, I thought. (Lori is my twenty-one-year-old step-daughter, and Jason's wife).

When I married Cynthia, I was grateful that her only child was a young lady, I thought to myself as I stared at my hunky young son-in-law. He and Lori had used the fold-out sofa in our apartment for nearly four months now. Jason, not yet twenty, was having difficulty finding employment, so Cynthia and I were helping the kids until they got on their feet.

Standing there, I didn't care if Jason ever got on his feet. I was hypontized by his youthful cock, which by now had fought its way completely into the air-conditioned room under the leg of his white shorts.

It hovered a half-inch from his bellybutton. I had imagined it so many times; I couldn't believe I was actually staring at something I would gladly have settled for a glimpse of. Four months of trying to be in the right place at the right time had produced not even a glimpse of it until now. I had seen it a hundred times clearly outlined in the sinfully snug, faded Levi's he wore. I had even seen it fiercely erect, straining against his blinding-white briefs. That's because I made sure each morning he'd have to pass me on his way to take his first morning piss.

I'd also steal looks at his compact, sporty butt as he strolled unself-consciously toward the bathroom. Cynthia and Lori worked days at a nearby bank. I worked second-shift at the shirt factory. I wanted Jason that morning bad enough to use a gun. I felt guilty staring at his lovely sleeping body as the shutters slashed stripes of morning sun across it. His beautiful, fat, fully awake, eight-inch cock reared hopefully at me. I was so mesmerized by the dark column of hard flesh that I forgot to check his boyish face for signs of waking.

I felt an electric bolt of hot embarrassment when I heard his soft, masculine "good morning." He made no move to place himself back into his shorts. I glanced up at his wide, dark eyes and smiled weakly. I immediately scanned all the room's table tops: "I've mislaid my wallet somewhere. Well, it doesn't seem to be in here," I said, hurrying out of the room. I was flushed; my heart pounded.

I gulped down a glass of water and willed my cock to cease remembering. I wondered how long he'd seen me standing there. I heard the shower. Maybe I should just get out of there. Maybe for good. I wanted a man again; I wanted that other life again. I also wanted Cynthia. I loved her, but God, how I needed to feel the hard body of a man beneath me. I stood there wondering if I needed it enough to lose Cynthia and everything we'd worked to build these three years.

I braced myself against the kitchen counter and closed my eyes. Jason's inviting, hard cock slashed darkly across white fabric in my mind. I opened my eyes. It was difficult enough to forget my past before that hunky young bastard strutted into my home. Home was where I retreated to avoid the tempting hard bodies I needed so much. Three years; it felt like thirty. I had to tell Cynthia. I thought I could change, but I was wrong. Loving her wasn't enough; my frustrations were growing every day. I wondered why I tortured myself. I kept telling myself it would get easier with time, and it sort of was — until Jason and Lori moved in.

"How's it going, father-in-law?" Jason asked cheerfully. (People found it difficult to believe that I, at thirty-five, was this boy's father-in-law, and Jason got a kick out of that. He rarely called me anything else).

"Find your wallet?"

"Yes, it was in the bedroom. I looked everywhere for it." (Maybe he had only been awake an instant).

"You sure did," he said knowingly.

I turned to challenge the slyness in his voice, but I knew he had me the moment I looked at him.

Our eyes locked. His said, "I know." Mine said, "Please don't tell." His said, "I won't."

He went to the refrigerator. I watched him pour a glass of orange juice. He wore only a pair of short, tight, cut-off jeans. I struggled to keep my eyes above his shoulders. His cut-offs fitted him in such a way that he might as well have been nude. They were his most revealing pair.

He sat, drinking noisily and staring at me. His dark eyes twinkled, amused, over his glass of juice. I wanted to knock his cocky ass out of the chair. When he put the glass down there was a smile on his full, defiant mouth. His confidence was annoying me.

"If you know some joke you should share it," I said, seething.

"If you want something from someone you should say it," he leveled back at me. I struggled not to look between his widespread legs.

"I don't know what you're talking

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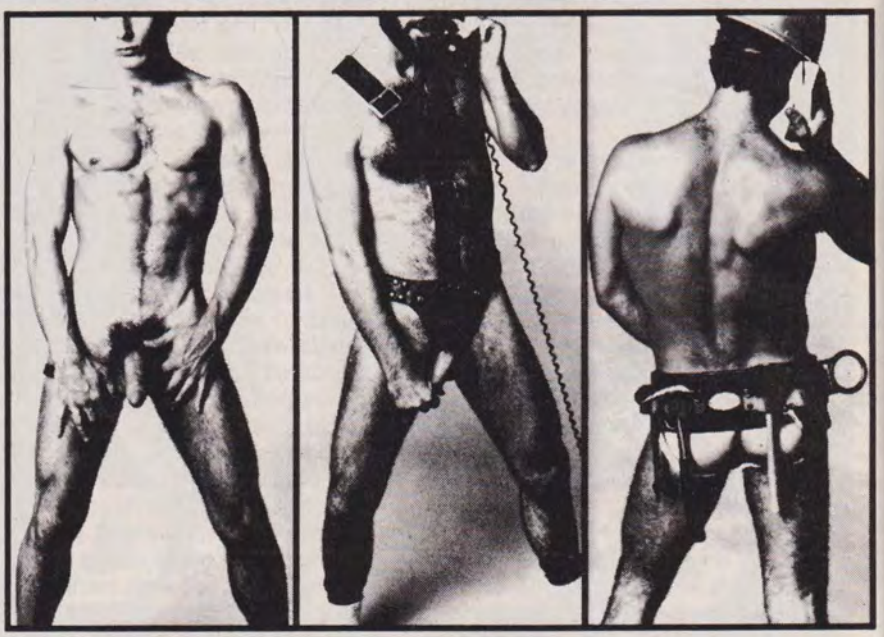

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about," I said. My voice sounded shaky.

He cupped his chubby, denim-covered scrotum. "I got what you were looking for—hanging. No, make that *standing.*"

I swallowed, and watched his hand. He stood; he was hard. His cock strained against the worn denim. He walked slowly, awkwardly, out of the room.

After a few moments of confusion, I followed him.

He wasn't in the den where he and Lori slept. Instead, I found him sitting expectantly on the side of the bed that Cynthia and I shared. He turned to where I stood in the doorway.

"You've got to ask for it, father-in-law. That's the only condition."

"I want it," I said, with urgency in my voice.

"I've got to hear a lot more than 'I want it,'" he said.

"I want you. I want to suck your cock. Please Jason, no games."

"It's not a game. I need to hear it as much as you need to do it. I'll do anything you want, but you gotta talk. It's talk makes me hot," he said, running a finger along the length of his still covered hard-on.

I walked toward him and looked into his black eyes. My cock throbbed at their soft, chocolate lust.

"I want to lick your big balls. I want to ram my face between your pretty ass-cheeks and stab my tongue into your hot, sweet asshole. I want to fuck some fat, hard dick into that mouth."

"Do it!" he hissed.

I dropped between his legs and moved him forward on the bed. I buried my head in his center. The heat and hardness beneath the soft, hot denim thrilled me. I mouthed the length of his dick, which throbbed against my lips. I went at him hungrily. Three years of needing to be between a young man's hard thighs came crashing into that one moment.

"Take it out, man," he ordered urgently. I lowered his stout zipper with a shaking hand, and his cock sprang out with a violent jerk. I slid the shorts down his slender legs and over his big feet. Then I pressed my nose against the base of his needy dick. I breathed in his soapy, sweaty cock smell just before flicking the tip of my tongue across his balls.

"It's beautiful," I whispered. He grabbed two hands full of my hair and gave my head a violent snap back.

"I need to hear!" he raged. His face contorted with lust.

"Your cock is beautiful." I bent it

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back toward me and sucked the wide head with the flat part of my tongue. I wrapped my fist around the fat shaft and jerked it slowly with long, firm strokes while whipping it with my hot tongue.

"Suck it," he ordered quietly.

I wrapped my lips around the uncut cockhead, then slid the entire length of rigid flesh into my happy mouth. I kept it there, not letting it move. My hands now ripped at my own clothing, while my cock rejoiced in its sudden freedom. I undressed completely, not moving his young dick from my contracting throat.

When I thought neither of us could stand it longer, I gathered his young asscheeks into my hands and let all but the head of his dick slide out of my mouth. I moved back down on it, very slowly, until my nose nestled in his damp pubic hair. Repeatedly my face fell gratefully onto his hot, jerky hard-on, then backed off.

"Suck it Phil," he moaned. "Suck it, you beautiful son-of-a bitch." I continued the long, firm lipstrokes on his dick flesh until I felt his legs stiffen and heard a warning whimper. I stopped abruptly, letting his angry erection slip from my mouth.

I stood with my cock reared just inches from his face. A chubby drop of cum glistened at my wide opening.

"My turn, son-in-law," I snarled. "I need *more* than talk, you sexy bastard. Suck my fat cock," I ordered, bringing his head toward it.

"Wait a minute," he begged. "I'm going to come, I'm so fuckin' hot."

His cock throbbed threateningly. His eyes were closed as he concentrated on calming it.

After several long moments and a long throaty moan he bent to his task. My cock is not all that long—about six and a half inches, but it is impossibly thick. I watched his pink tongue lap away the cum that oozed from my fuck muscle. Then I watched his cocky mouth struggle to close around it. He backed off completely, working up a mouthful of spit before another attempt.

I shuddered as his hot, stretched mouth slid down on my raging cock. He looked so young, so sexy with my hard dick sliding into his handsome, boyish face. His fingers gripped my hard, hairy asscheeks as he bobbed enthusiastically up and down on my cock.

He was a skilled little cocksucker, no doubt about that. His nails and fingers were ripping painfully at my buttocks. I put a hand on the back of his neck and pumped brutally into his mouth.

"Suck it punk, suck my thick dick. I'm going to come in that pretty mouth." I slammed his head down hard on to me and he gagged around my wide dick. "Gag, you pretty bastard. Suck it. Suck. Faster punk. Faster, yeah, oh fuck yessss. Suck it. Oh, suck it. Eat it. I'm going to cum! I'm commmmming! Drink it! Drink my hot cum!"

At the exact moment I exploded, Jason jammed two slender fingers into my asshole. I throbbed my load in thick, stringy jets against his throat while I held his head rigidly against me. My ass contracted around his fingers as my cock shot hot cum from my body.

Jason was having trouble breathing, but I didn't give a shit. The little fucker could find a way, or strangle. I released my grip on his neck and let him back off my cock, now super sensitive. His fingers were still jammed into my hot, itchy asshole. I bent to kiss the full, masculine mouth of my step-son-in-law. He returned my kiss with fierce abandon, chewing painfully at my mouth.

"Tell me what you want," I whispered into his clean smelling hair.

"No," he said, moving my hand to the smooth column of brick-hard cockmeat between his long thighs. "Tell me what *you* want, you fucker. You want this thing; tell me where."

I tore his hand out of my ass.

"Lay back." He did. I straddled his huge hard-on. Reaching back with my hand I positioned the fat cockhead at the entrance of my asshole. I slid slowly down the entire length of his young dick. I couldn't believe the pain. Fuck! It didn't hurt this bad the first time I got fucked. I waited, letting my unaccustomed asshole adjust to this much-needed invasion.

Jason lay back further. God, he was beautiful.

"Ride it, you stud bastard. I been wanting to fuck that humpy ass of yours for months," he said. "Ride it."

I did. Long and slow strokes for a while, then short, bouncy strokes. I carefully watched his face for signs that he was ready to come so that I could change the rhythm.

"I love your cock," I said. "I love the way it feels in my ass. Slam that big bastard in. Fuck me, Jason."

Without warning I climbed off. Jason started to protest. "I need to come, you son-of-a-bitch."

He stopped whimpering with the first feel of my mouth around him. I allowed it to bring him quickly to his orgasm. He cried out as his youthful cum splashed against my throat. Once again my mouth was delighted with the thick, bitter taste of cum. I swallowed greedily; he thrashed wildly, but I held on until his cock and the rest of him seemed totally spent. Then I reluctantly let his softening dick slip from my mouth. I lay down beside him.

"You put on a good show, stepdad," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Four fuckin' months and I never dreamed you liked cock. I figured you to be straighter than the hem on Princess Di's dress."

"What about you? I thought you'd never considered anything that wasn't a Camarro, a carburetor, or a cunt. You do a pretty good cover-up yourself."

"I guess both of us were afraid of being wrong," he said.

"Do you love Cynthia?" he asked.

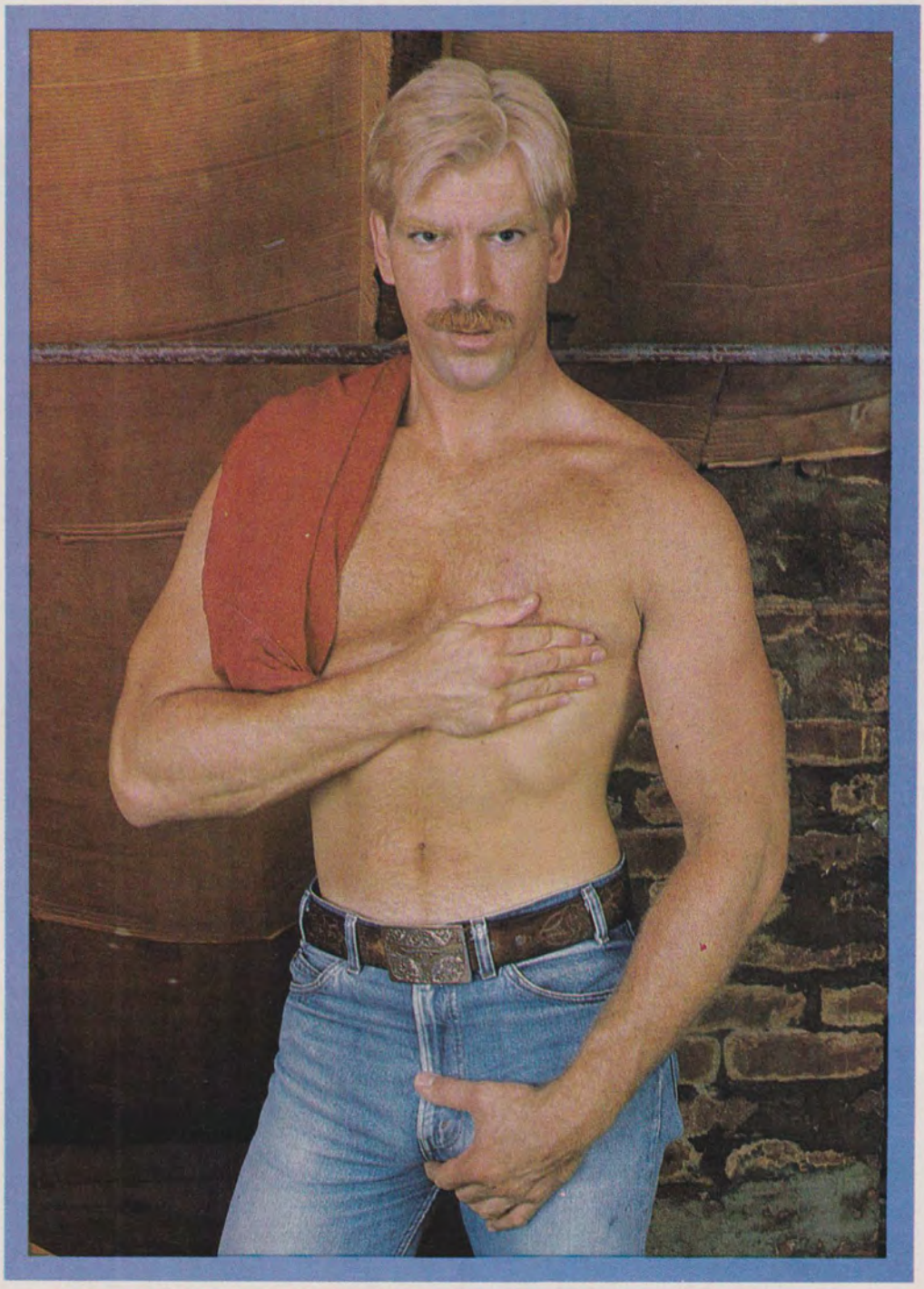
"Yes. *This* almost has nothing to do with *that*, you know."

"I know exactly. I love Lori, so much sometimes I could just bust." He laughed.

"What's so funny?"

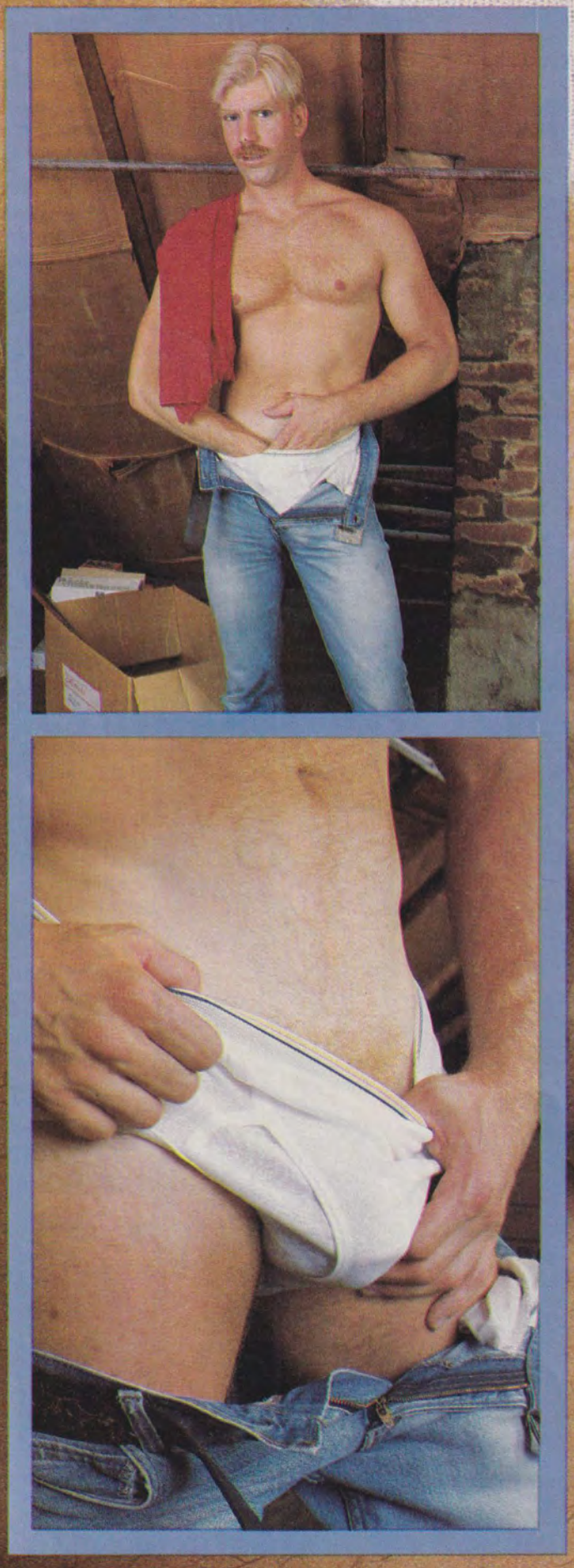
Continued to page 40

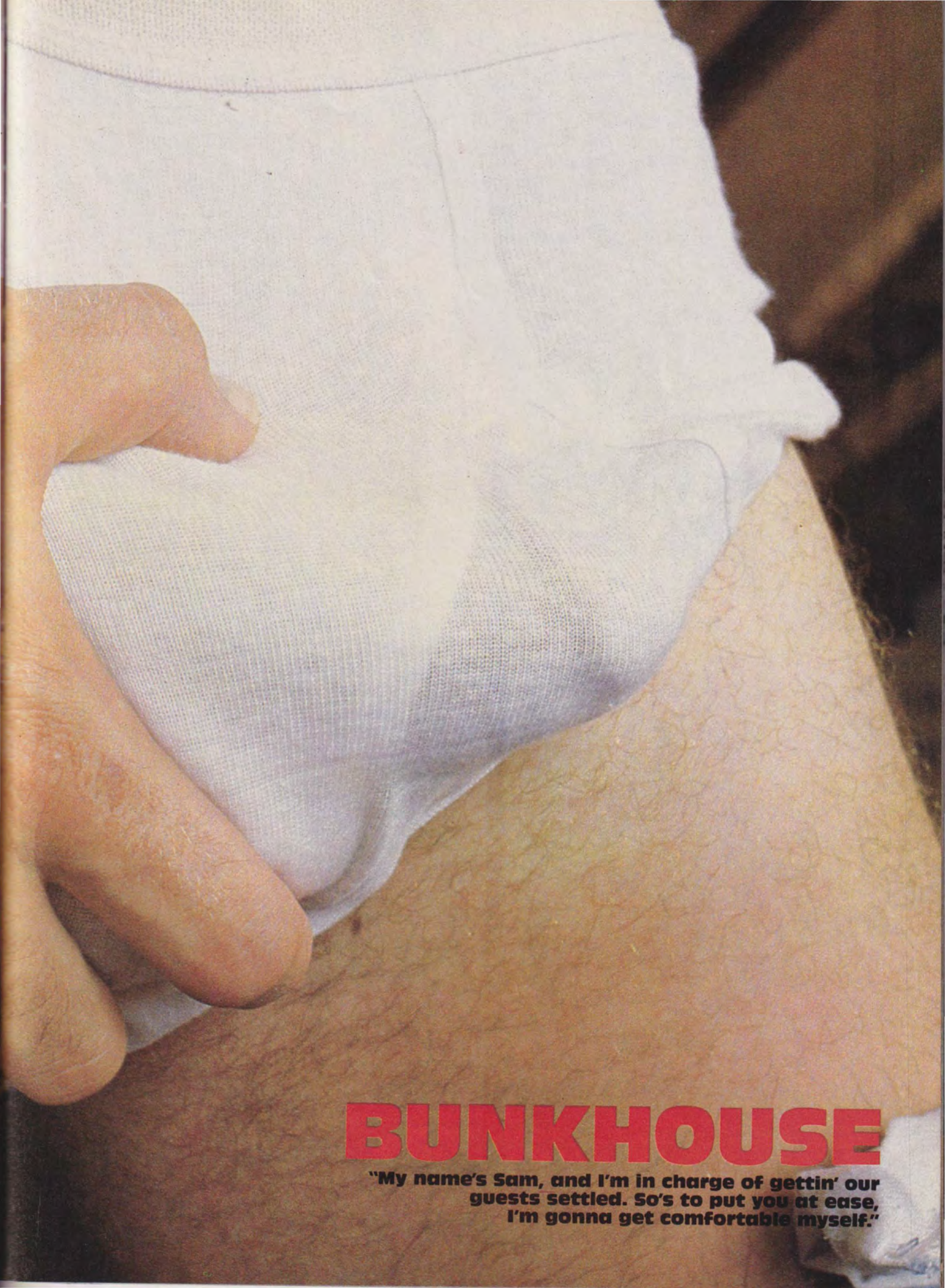
BUNKHOUSE



"Howdy. Welcome to the Buckin' Bronc Dude Ranch, dude. C'mon into the bunkhouse and I'll tell ya what goes on around here."

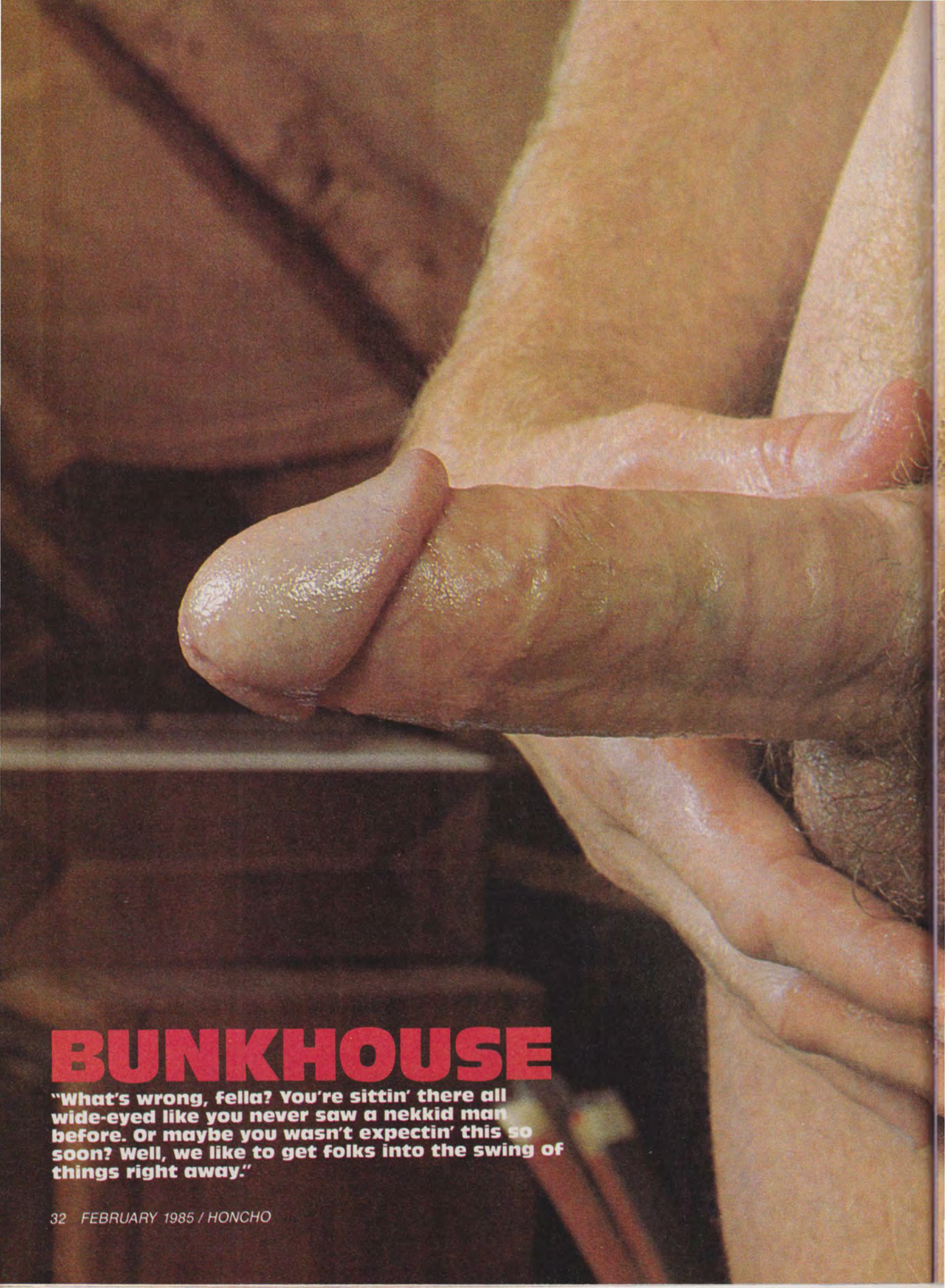
Section photographed by Malexpress Studio





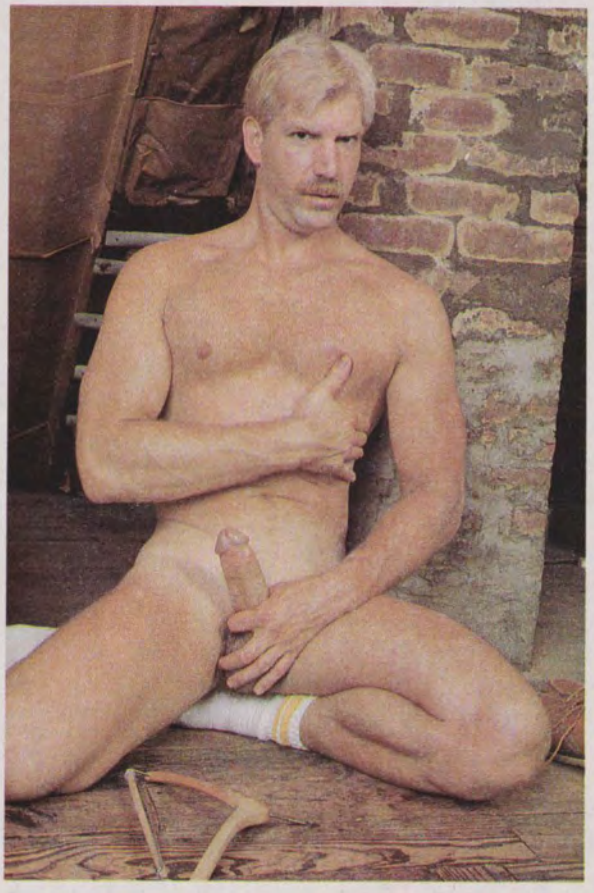
BUNKHOUSE

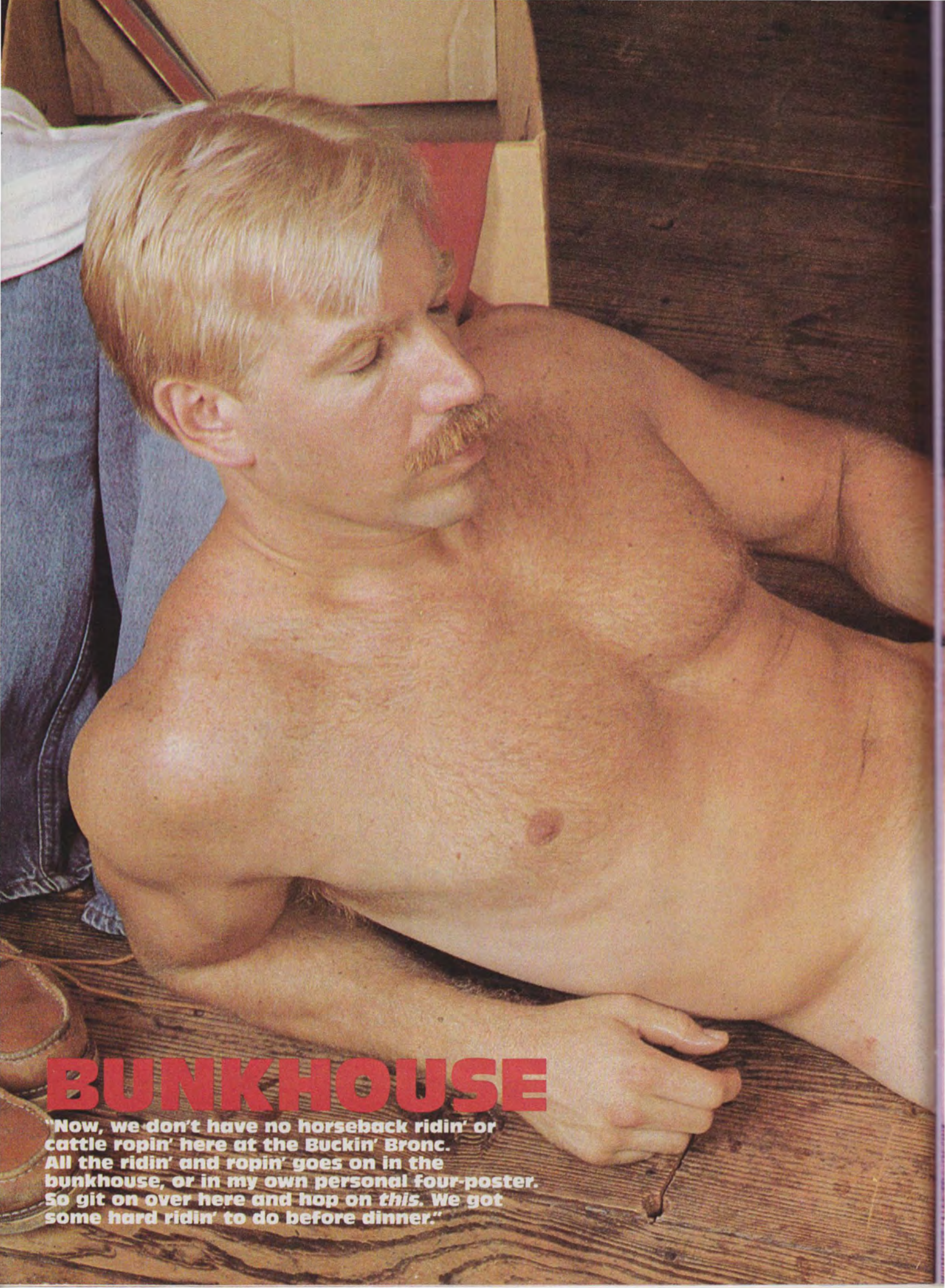
"My name's Sam, and I'm in charge of gettin' our guests settled. So's to put you at ease, I'm gonna get comfortable myself."



BUNKHOUSE

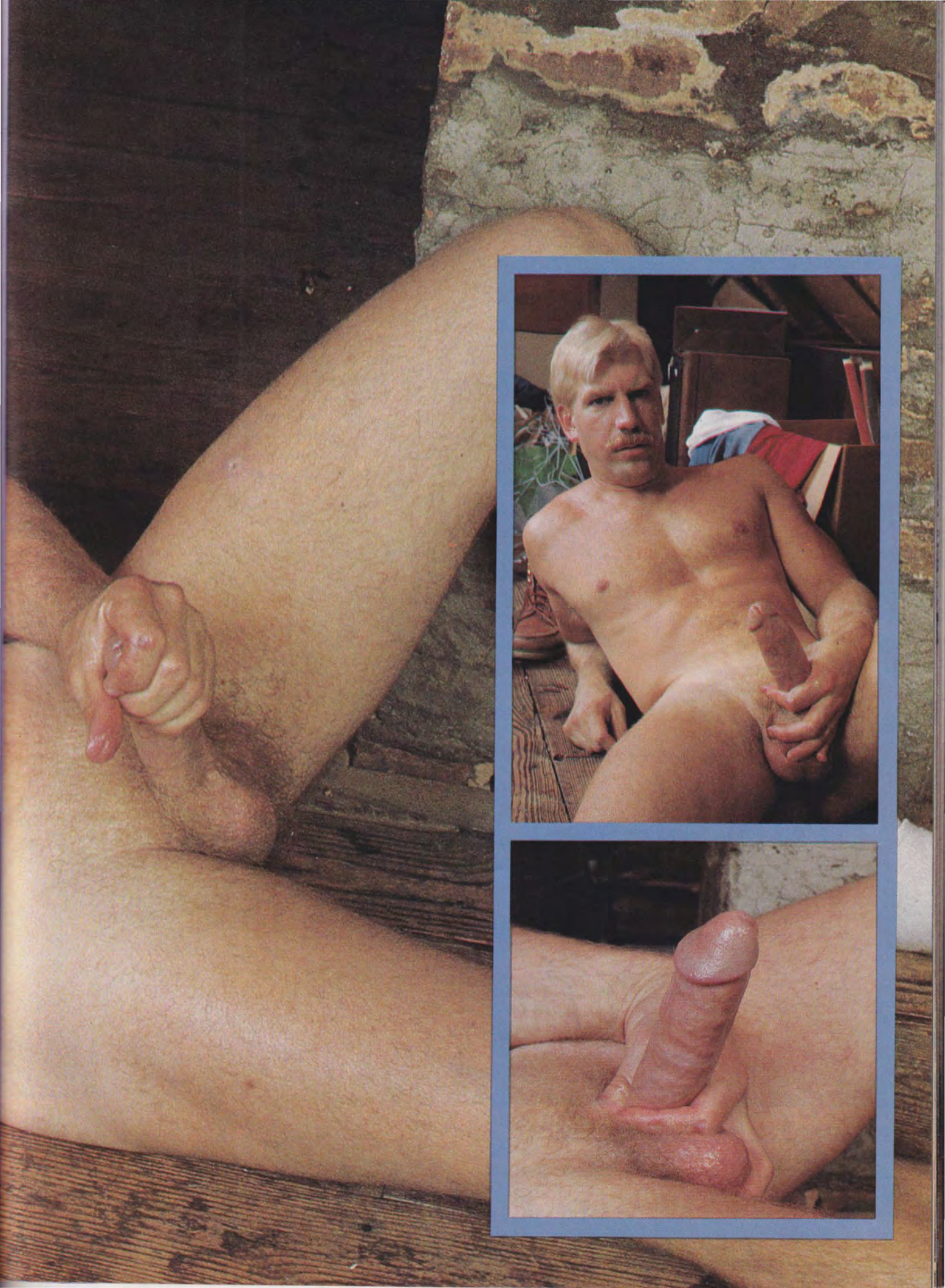
"What's wrong, fella? You're sittin' there all wide-eyed like you never saw a nekkid man before. Or maybe you wasn't expectin' this so soon? Well, we like to get folks into the swing of things right away."

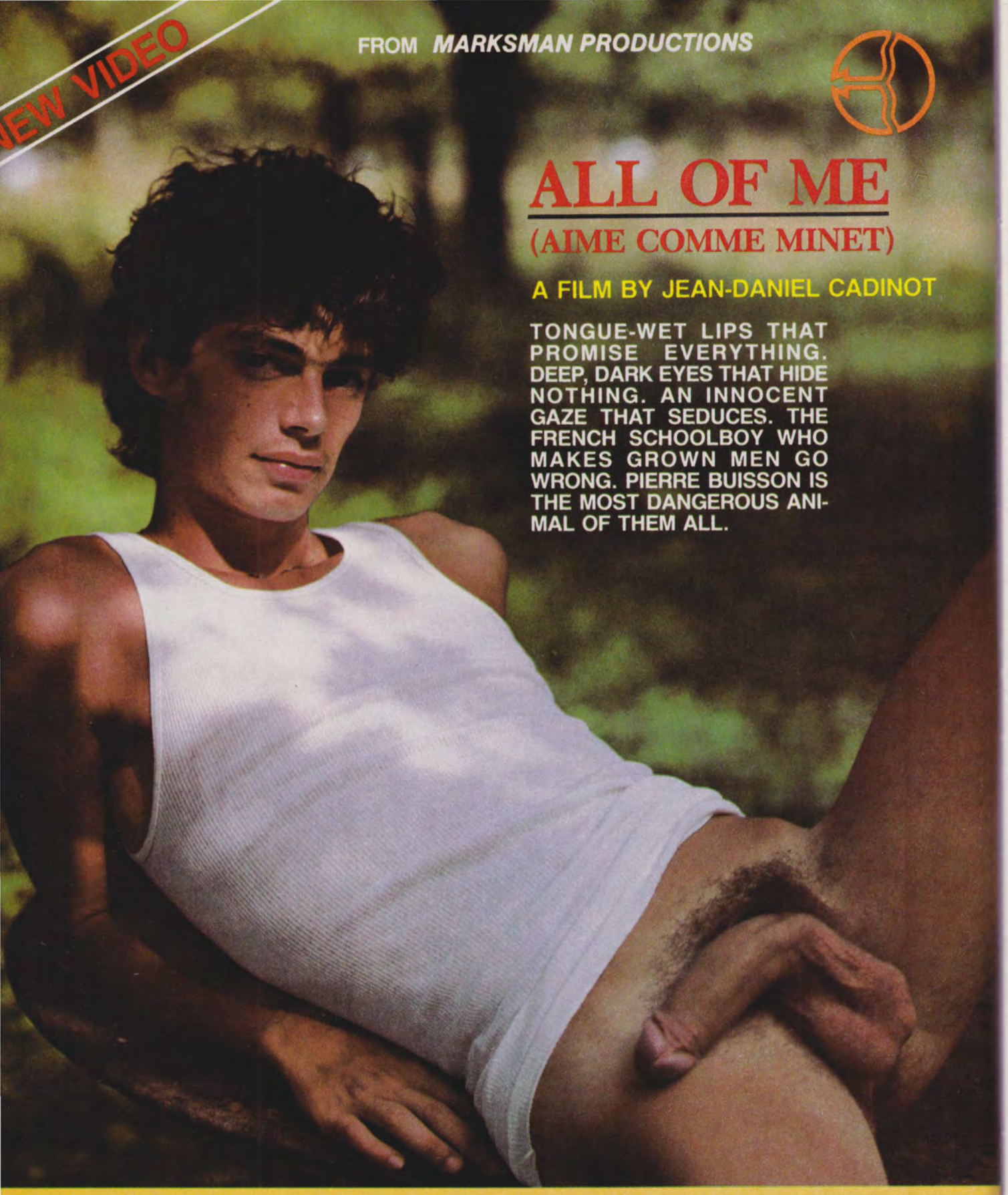




BUNKHOUSE

"Now, we don't have no horseback ridin' or cattle ropin' here at the Buckin' Bronc. All the ridin' and ropin' goes on in the bunkhouse, or in my own personal four-poster. So git on over here and hop on *this*. We got some hard ridin' to do before dinner."





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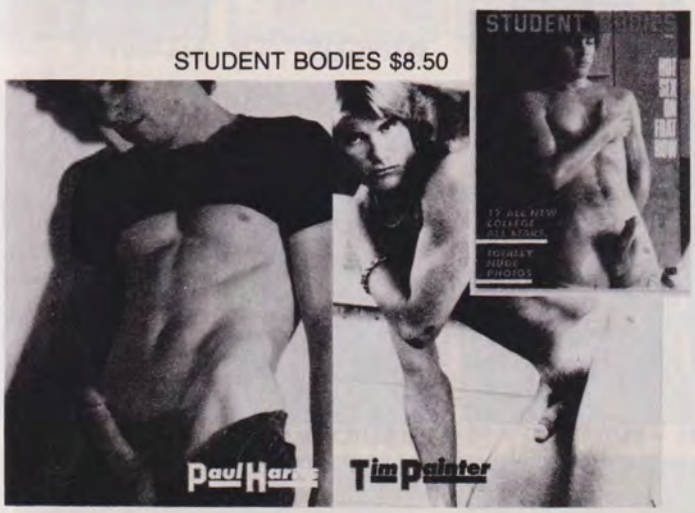

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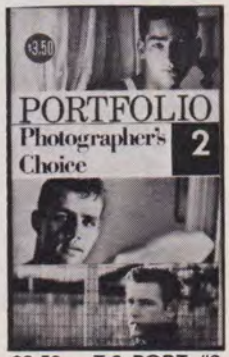

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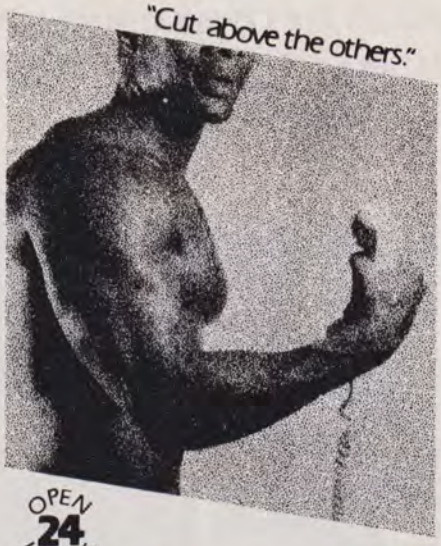
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THE DIXIE CLUB

MEATHEAD

Continued from page 28

"I used to worry about you being around Lori."

"Don't. Cynthia's the only woman I've thought about."

"She's a damn good-looking lady, considering she's near forty."

"Do I have to worry about you around Cynthia?"

"No. It's just her daughter and her husband I want."

"Do you enjoy sex as much with Lori as you do with men?"

"I would if I could just get her to talk."

"Why the obsession with words?"

"It's a long story. I'll tell you about it sometime. You mentioned burying your face in the crack of my ass. Do it now!"

He rolled over on his stomach. I allowed my mind to record the long lines of his sensuous body before crawling into place between his legs. I licked at the bumpy spine before moving down to the dark, downy furrow that separated his firm, boyish buttocks.

I separated them, at the same time lifting his slender hips closer to my face. I doubted that the pinkish, dime-sized hole would ever stretch enough to accommodate a cock as thick as mine, but that wasn't going to stop me from giving it one hell of a try.

I attacked the small hole viciously. Jason squirmed against my face as I licked and chewed at his tender flesh ring. It did loosen considerably under the assault. After a while I could stab my fat tongue easily into his body. I gloried in the smell and taste of ass.

He cooed things like "Ooooh yeah, lick it. Eat out my asshole. Yeah, tongue fuck me." A few moments later he was begging me to replace my tongue with my hard cock. I decided to try and stuff this big thing into that fearful looking little hole.

I raised above him, balancing myself on one hand. The other hand positioned my wide cockhead between his small asscheeks. The sight of it was almost turn-on enough to make me shoot.

I pushed my dick against his resisting little ring; he pushed the resisting little ring against my cock. I managed to pry the head into his hot hole, but not before we both were sweat-drenched and giving serious thought to trying a less painful activity. After giving his narrow body time to adjust, I forced two inches of steely shaft into the impossibly tight tube of his ass.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, I was in. My balls pressed against his little butt. I heard a soft, tortured "fuck me" and I started to push my cock slowly in and out of him. In no time at all his smooth hips were moving co-operatively beneath me and his "fuck me's" sounded less pained. My brutal fuckstrokes and his sexy urgings increased in force and tempo as every muscle in my body strained toward orgasm.

My pistoning cock had never been in a tighter, or hotter, place. I exploded into his body — this was the most satisfying fuck of my life. I collapsed on him while my cock lazily thumped a second load into his ravaged bowels.

When our breathing returned to normal, I withdrew my lifeless dick, rolled my sweaty body off his, and lay on my back beside him.

He rolled over, and I cupped my hand against his half-erect young dick.

"I'm fine, Kong," he said. "I did it the same time you did."

"You must have liked it," I said.

"It feels like somebody practiced parallel parking back there!" he said happily.

I sat up, located a cigarette on the bedside table, and lit up. "If I've got to have a lazy son-in-law, I'm glad he turned out to be bi," I razzed.

"I'm not bi-sexual. I'm just sexual. Sometimes I get horny in my car; does that make me Chevysexual?"

I chuckled. "Well I'm glad we do have something in common, after all."

"You're a great looking guy," he complimented me.

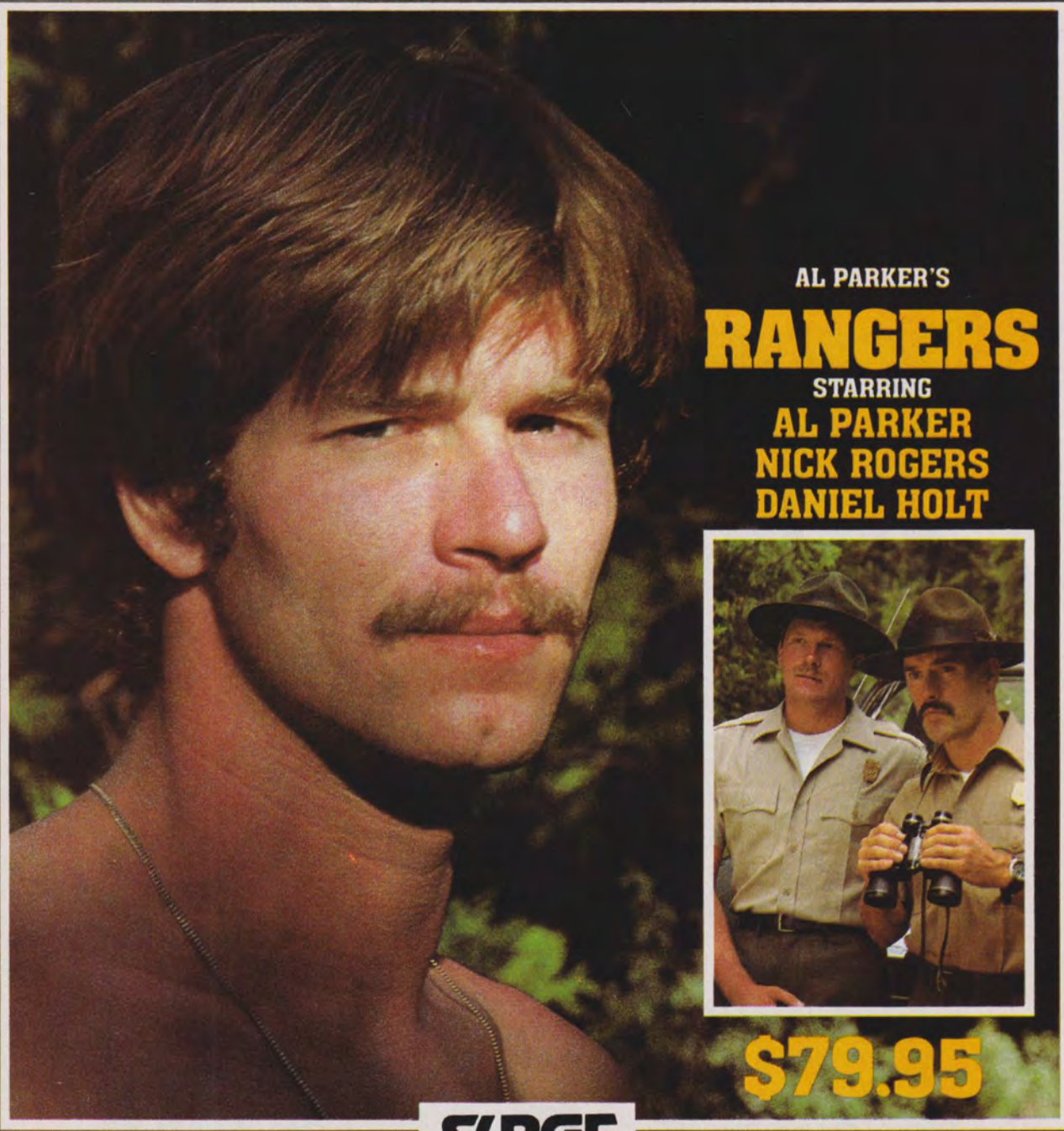
"You're quite a vision yourself, but you were work," I puffed.

We rolled into each other's arms.

That was over two years ago. The "kids" are still with us, and Jason and I still have our mornings. (He continues half-heartedly to seek employment). I've threatened my boss's life if he transfers me to day shift. I feel certain that Cynthia and Lori don't suspect a thing. Both girls are elated that Jason and I have grown so close.

I threw out the guilt that morning. Occasionally, I go looking for it, then I remind myself that everyone is happy.

Jason is even handsomer at twenty-two, Cythia is even lovelier at forty-one, and aside from a slight thickening around the middle of my body — not to mention the frequent thickening and expansion of my dick — I couldn't be happier with my family. ■



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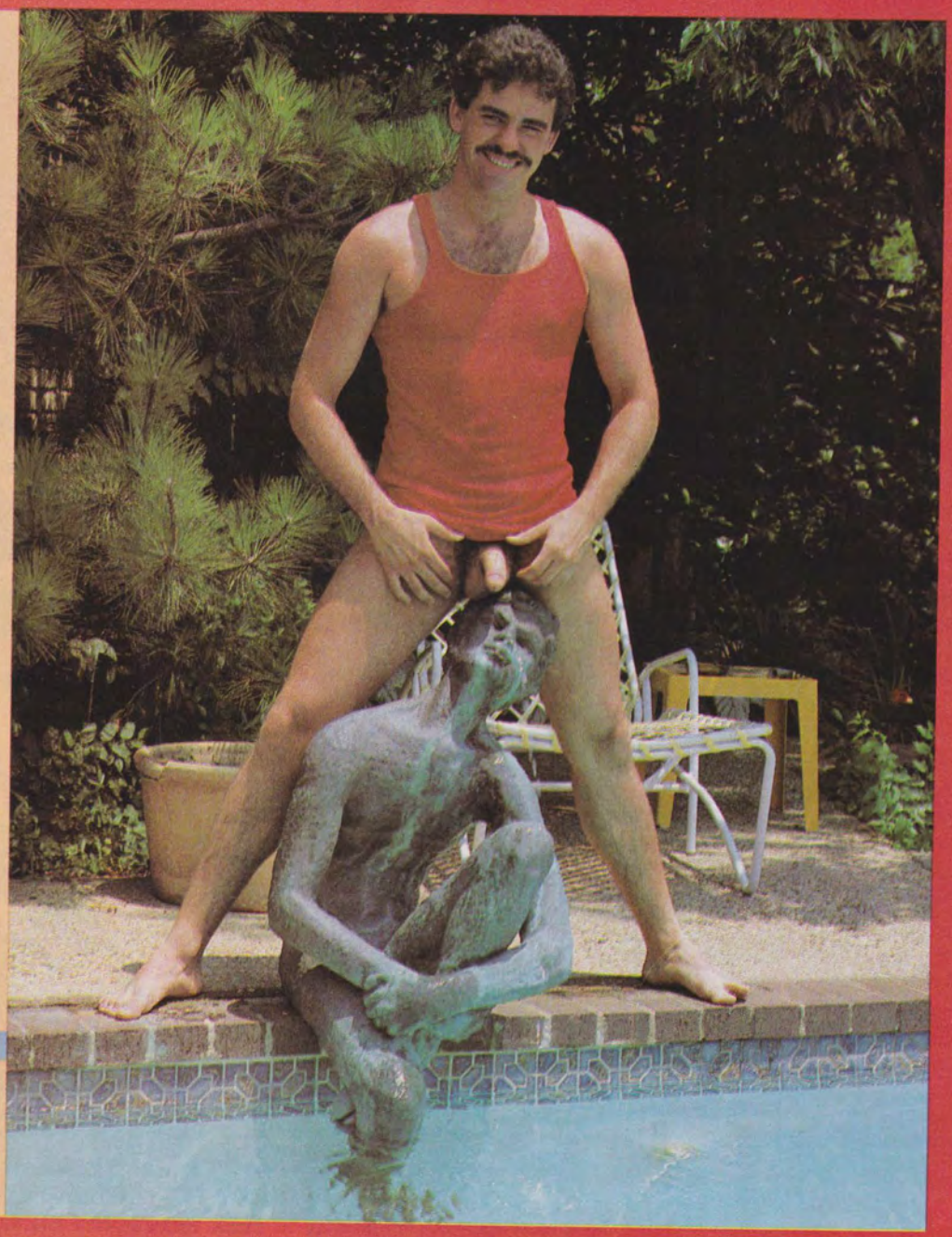
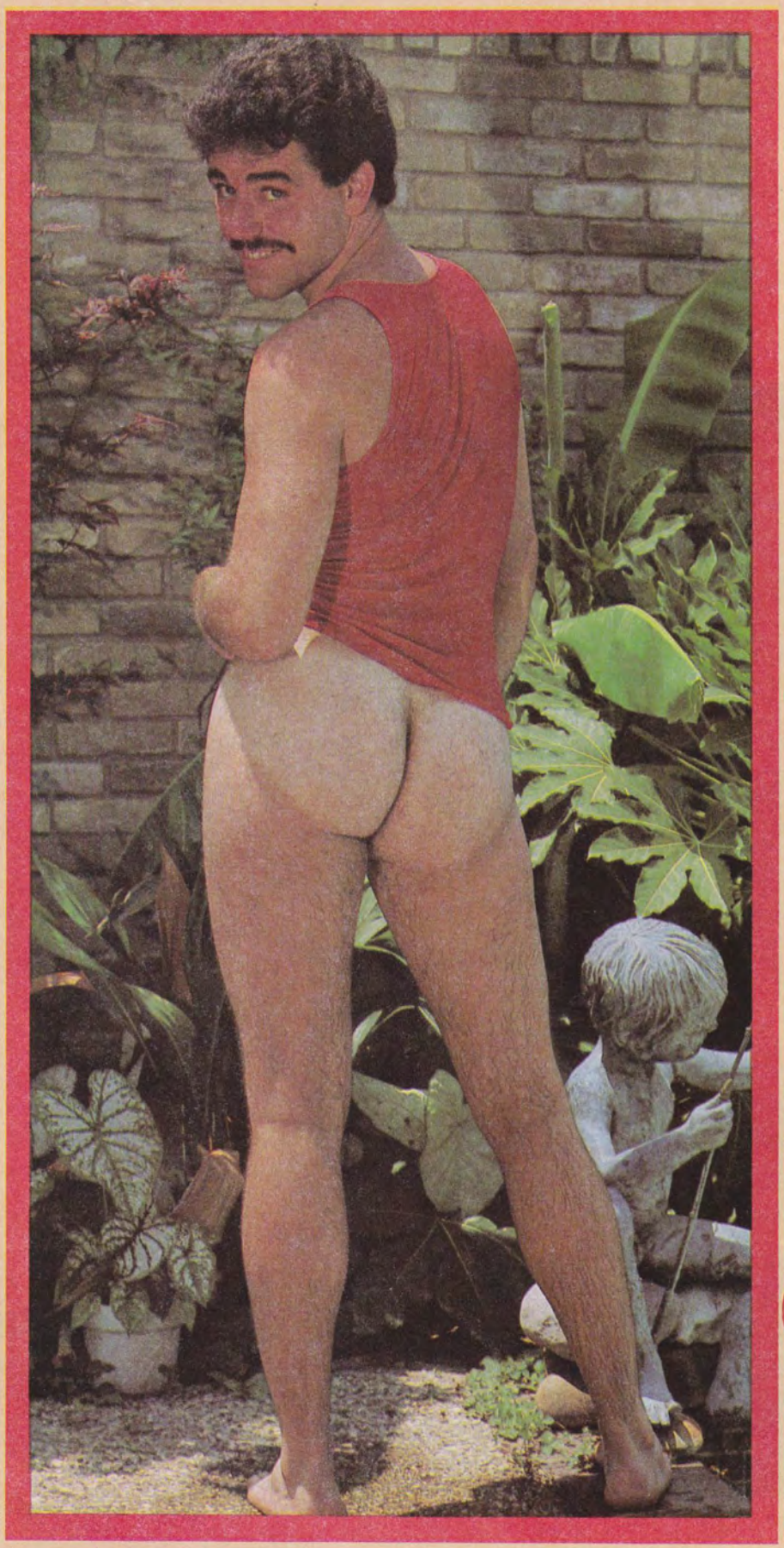
PARTY ON ME

"WELCOME TO MY GARDEN PARTY. I SURE AM GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT. WE'RE GONNA HAVE A WILD TIME TOGETHER. AND WHEN IT'S OVER I KNOW YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DECIDED TO COME."

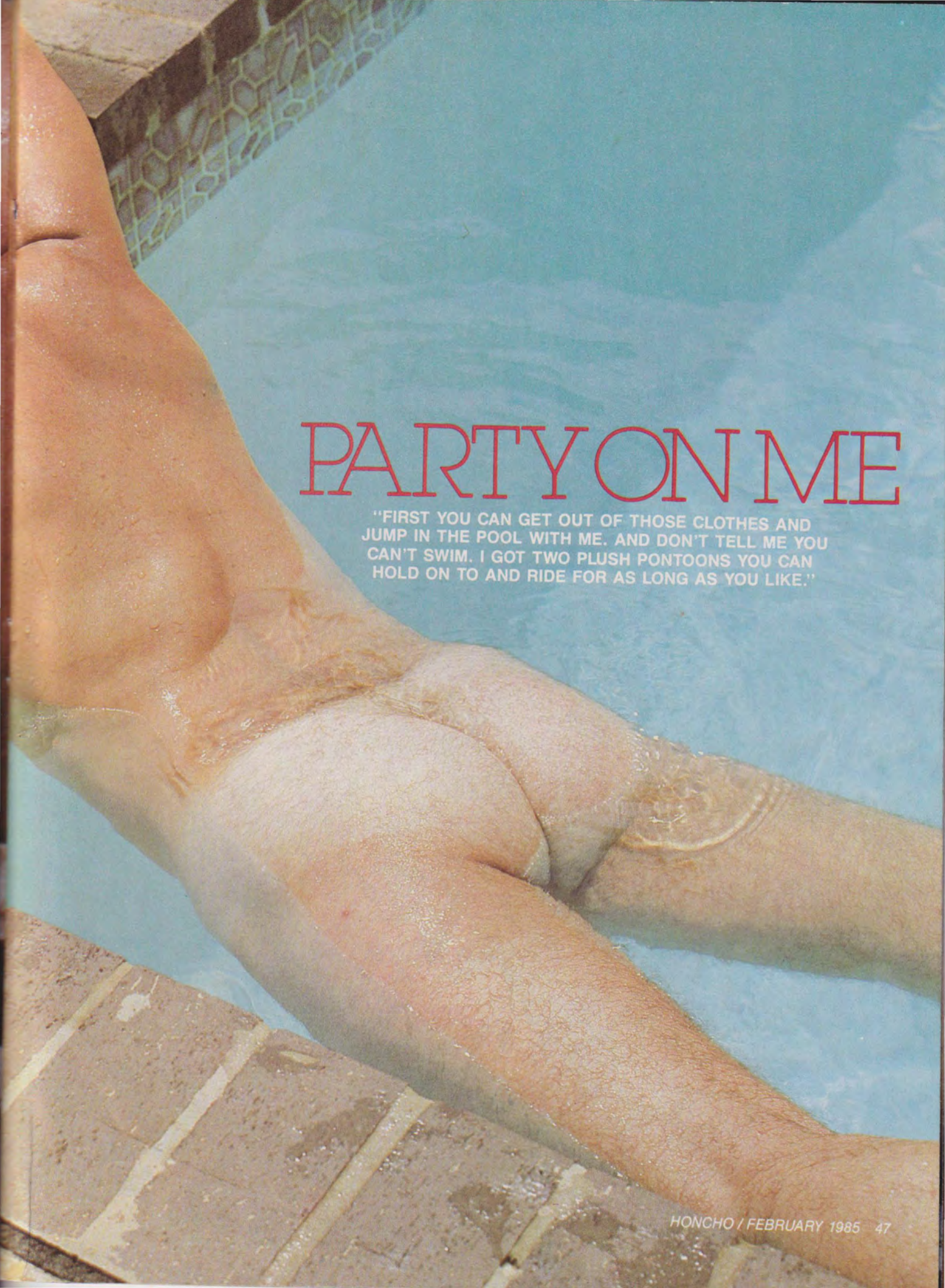
SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAN TO MAN STUDIOS





PARTY ON ME

"NOW THAT YOU'VE COOLED OFF A LITTLE, WE CAN HANG OUT ON THE PATIO AND GET INTO SOME SERIOUS PARTYING. BUT FORGET ABOUT DANCING. THIS IS GONNA BE A LAID-BACK AFFAIR."



PARTY ON ME

"FIRST YOU CAN GET OUT OF THOSE CLOTHES AND JUMP IN THE POOL WITH ME. AND DON'T TELL ME YOU CAN'T SWIM. I GOT TWO PLUSH PONTOONS YOU CAN HOLD ON TO AND RIDE FOR AS LONG AS YOU LIKE."

PARTY ON ME

"THAT MEANS, FELLA, THAT I DO THE LAYING BACK AND YOU PARTY HEARTY RIGHT ON TOP OF ME. DON'T I HAVE GREAT PARTY FAVORS? PLAY WITH MY FAT LOWHANGERS FOR A WHILE, OKAY? AND IF YOU TOOT ON MY NOISEMAKER, I'LL EMIT THE SWEETEST SOUNDS YOU EVER HEARD."

He glanced around, thinking he was alone. Then he began slowly to strip his jockstrap off. He finished his workout without a stitch, while I peered through a crack and jerked off while watching him.

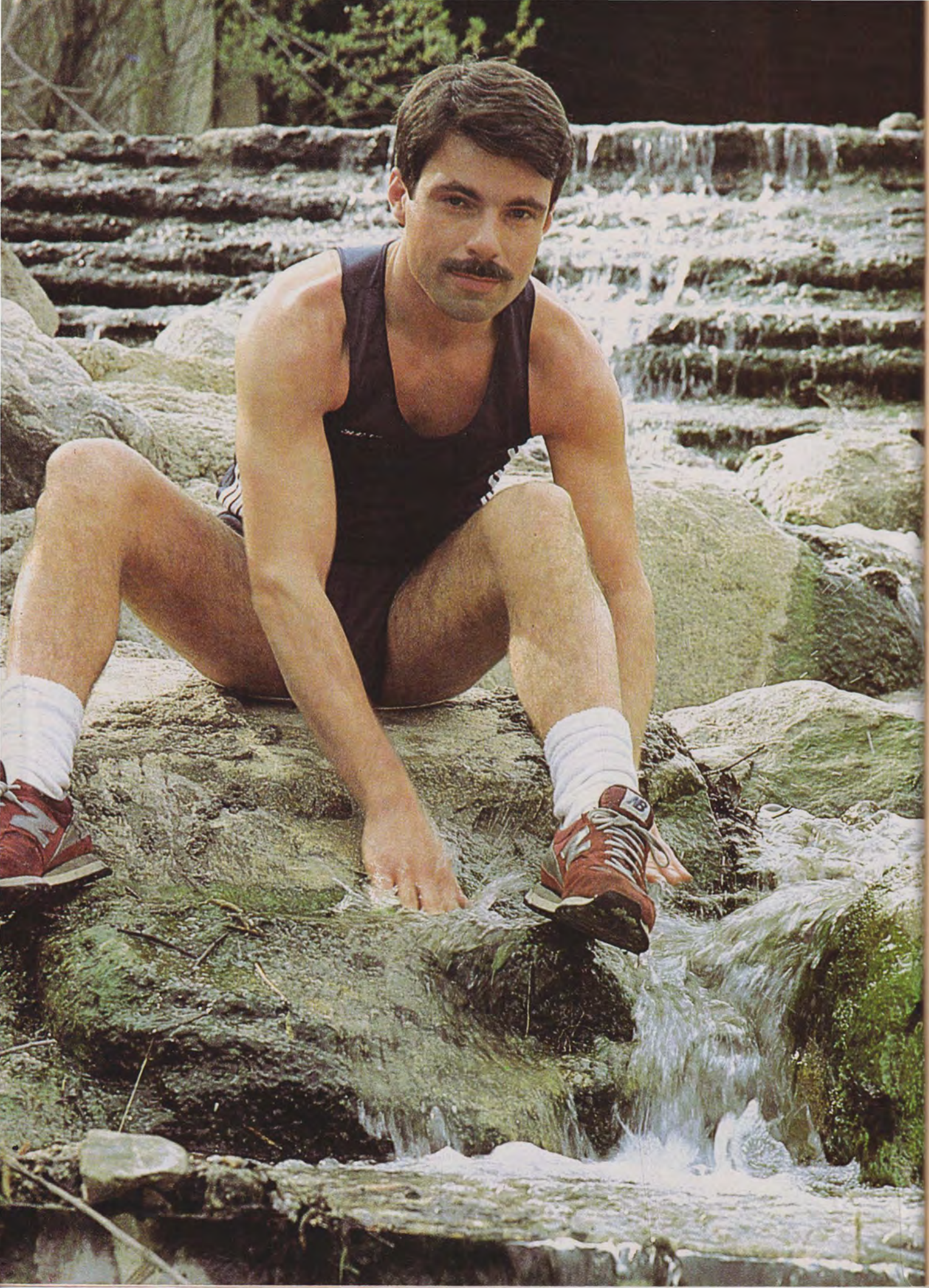
HERO WORSHIP

by Robert Ralph • Photo by Naakkve

I was late opening the gym that Saturday morning, and my first glimpse of Ted was him lounged on the trunk of his car, a scowl on his face at having to wait. He looked like an average kid just out of high school as he stretched across the car, arms behind his head. He was pulling his white choptop up and exposing his narrow waist. His only outstanding feature that I remember from that first meeting was the huge box he showed in his ragged cutoffs. Long knee socks and heavy tennis shoes completed his outfit. A slight breeze was snarling his blond hair, and he smiled as I finally unlocked the door. He reminded me of a scrawny version of those wonderful Toby drawings of boys starting to turn into men, but he held no particular interest for me except as someone to train.

Ted wanted to develop a serious workout program that would bulk up his body. He felt that I was the right man to help him. I was still in excellent shape, although my days of competition for titles were long past. The body

Continued to page 57



GREAT, OUTDOORS

HE LIKES IT OUT IN THE OPEN. AND WHAT BETTER PLACE TO TAKE IT OUT IN THE OPEN THAN IN THE MIDDLE OF A FIELD AFTER COOLING IT OFF IN A STREAM.

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY EAGLE STUDIO

GREAT, OUTDOORS

NOW THAT THE LAST REMAINING CLOTHES HAVE BEEN SHED, HE'S REALLY GOT IT OUT IN THE OPEN. HE LIKES IT THAT WAY AND SO DO YOU. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOURS OUT AND JOIN HIM?

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But there's more. Read what internationally known life extension specialists Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw say about canthaxanthin in their book **Life Extension** (Warner Books, 1982):

> What do you do if you want a suntan but don't want UV [Ultra-violet] damage to your skin? One solution we've found is to take canthaxanthin . . . Canthaxanthin, taken over a period of time, will yield a beautiful bronze color to the skin that looks like a suntan. This approach to a "sun" tan is much safer than the use of either the real sun or a UV-A tanning booth (Pgs. 97-98)

And more:

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Cum shot violently out the blood-gorged tip, splattering on the tile where it clung stickily for a moment before dribbling down.

Ted moaned, "Oh, good God almighty!" and his hands moved like flesh-pistons inside his pockets. I kept milking myself for all I was worth, not paying Ted the slightest attention, and loving every second of it. I shot cum all over the wall, then turned to let it spray in his direction.

He continued to manipulate himself with one hand while the other clutched the air, reaching toward my white river. When I finally finished shooting, I turned on the water and completed my shower. I stepped out and dried off as if nothing unusual had happened. Ted sat very still, his face betraying a wry smile. His arms hung limply at his sides as I talked about trivial things.

The entire front of his cutoffs was saturated from his load. It had been thrilling for both of us, but not a thrill that we repeated. That night, everything had been right for it to happen, but the circumstances were never quite the same afterwards. For months, he simply devoted himself to improving his body, although his steamy looks never abated.

Gradually, Ted's body began to bulk up. His shoulders broadened and his waist remained slim. His thighs and calves thickened, and his definition grew noticeably more pronounced from week to week. As his body improved, my desire for him began to increase. I knew I wanted more from him than hero-worship. I wanted him physically, emotionally, totally. I wouldn't admit it to myself for the longest time, but I was falling in love.

I kept my emotions in check for the most part, but we both felt it. It was manifested in lingering touches and long looks. I wasn't sure exactly how to proceed from that point, so the workouts continued more or less as before. Until about two months later.

Ted and I had worked out late, staying after the gym had officially closed because he had some tests to take that afternoon for a job he wanted. We were alone in the mirrored room, where the sounds of clanking weights and Ted's labored breathing seemed louder than usual. Ted had recently been to the beach and his sojourn on the sand had turned him a deep, golden honey color. The sun which had worked such magic on his skin left his hair streaked and bleached in places. His eyebrows and eyelashes had almost disappeared, making his eyes intense. His time in the sun had created a new look, like a butterfly that had emerged from a caterpillar.

He had worn a faded yellow pair of shorts which were so frayed in places that his skin showed through, instead of his usual cutoffs. The sheer material clung to his thighs and outlined his hips. As he lowered his body to do squats, the thin yellow fabric stretched tight across the mounds of his beautiful ass. The lines of his jock strap were clearly defined through the gauzelike cloth, soft from countless washings. The strain proved too much, and the material began to tear—slowly at first, right at the top of his asscrack. As his body dropped nearer and nearer the floor completing the rep, the rip broadened. Each successive rep lengthened the tear until his entire asscrack was exposed—firm, smooth, and with only the barest hint of pale brown hair around the edges.

If Ted was aware that the seat of his shorts had given way, he never let on. I suspect he knew it, all right! My cock throbbed painfully, and I wished like hell I'd worn a jockstrap. I knew that if he turned around, there'd be no disguising the roaring hard-on I had.

"Time for the power curls we talked about," Ted said, giving me a big

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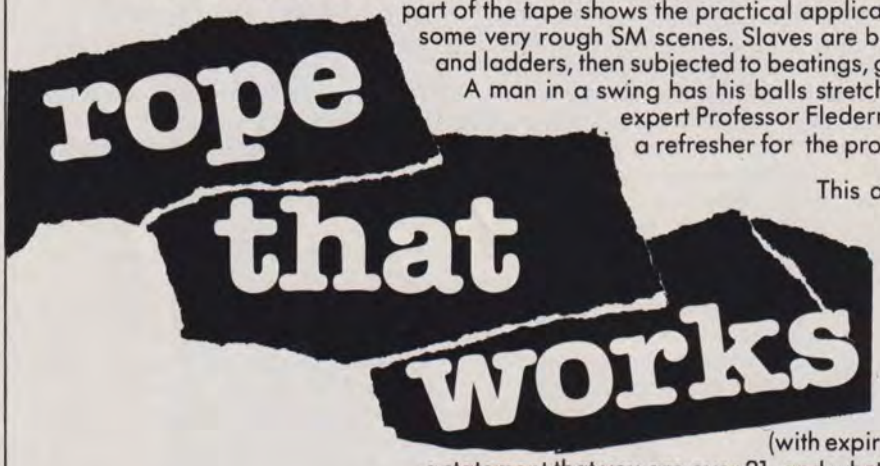

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smile.

"Yeah, sure," I mumbled, my gaze fixed on his ass hanging out.

He began, but he was rocking his body and not putting any tension on his arms.

"That's not exactly the way," I corrected. What was wrong with him? He knew how to do it properly.

"Can you show me?" He stared that worshipful gaze I knew so well.

"Sure," I replied.

I stepped behind him and reached around, guiding him through the rep, but carefully avoiding touching his body.

"Is that better?" he asked.

"Somewhat, but don't rock. Keep your body still. Only move your arms. You'll get the full benefit that way. Otherwise you're simply bouncing forward and back without any real tension.

"I see, now."

As he began the second rep he pushed his firm ass right against my crotch. My pulsing hard-on slammed right between his asscheeks like a knife cutting a loaf of bread. I was too stunned to move as the heat of his hole warmed my dick, making it even harder.

As he completed the set, I said, "Take five, Ted. I need to get a drink."

What I really needed was to run cold water on my wrists and splash some in my face to cool down. My blood pressure must have soared. Desire was driving me crazy. As I left him, a broad grin spread all over him.

I stayed gone as long as I could. When I returned, some instinct told me to walk back to the gym quietly, that the kid was up to something. One should always trust one's inner voice. I acted on it, and Ted didn't see me from my vantage point, which was blocked slightly by the door to the wet area.

He stood in front of the bank of mirrors, naked to the waist, posing, putting himself through the show routine I had taught him. He glanced around as if looking for me, then peeled off his ripped shorts, continuing nude except for his jockstrap. My knees shook from this titillating vision.

He glanced around again, thinking no one else was there, and stripped his jockstrap off, then finished the routine without a stitch. It was my first real look at his perfect cock and balls. His dick twitched, excited by his own display. It gradually grew longer and in no time it was standing straight up, hard and beckoning. It was pink and tight, about eight and a half inches long, and framed by the white tanline across his abdomen.

I cleared my throat to make my presence known. Ted jumped, startled, then regained his composure. He made no attempt to hide his erection, and broke into that knowing grin.

"I'm honing my routine," he said, taking a step. His erection preceded him.

"So I see."

His stare fixed instantly on my box. At that point we really had no secrets from each other.

"You know," he said mischievously, "I've worshipped your body a long time. Now it's time for you to return the favor."

"Whatever you say," I replied.

"I think it's time I showed you my real special workout!"

He sauntered over to the incline bench and lay across it face down with his naked ass pushed out. He reached around and began to massage his hard, inviting buns.

"When I say special," he whispered, "I mean special!"

Like a pilgrim at a shrine, I walked trancelike to him and began rubbing his body, all along the length of his magnificent back and along his sweaty asscrack.

"That's it, Daddy," he said. "Love on me. Worship my body. But what I want is flesh on flesh. Skin on skin. I want to feel contact!"

I got down on my knees and parted the mounds with my tongue, licking and searching for the musky target.

"Eat it!" he whispered. "Rim me, Daddy! Work my hole over!"

The tip of my tongue eased inside the steaming depression and he pushed back, burying my face in his butt, writhing on the slant board and moaning with ecstasy.

"That's the way! Tongue that hole! Love on it! Yeah, do a whole number. Oh-h-h!" He gripped the bench and began thrashing. "Oh, Daddy, give me *more* than your tongue!" he gasped. "I don't need any more of these warm-up exercises. I want your real routine!"

I touched my dick to his rough-ridged ass entrance and he began a long, protracted sigh. As I greased him good, he began to whisper.

"I've got a solid piece of equipment for you," I said, nibbling on his earlobes.

"I'm ready to give it a workout."

He pushed down as I shoved up. Our bodies meshed until I was completely inside that burning channel.

"Fuck it, Daddy!" he urged. "Keep up the tension." He wiggled with a vengeance, and I shivered from the intensity. "Oh, God, I'm coming!" he yelled.

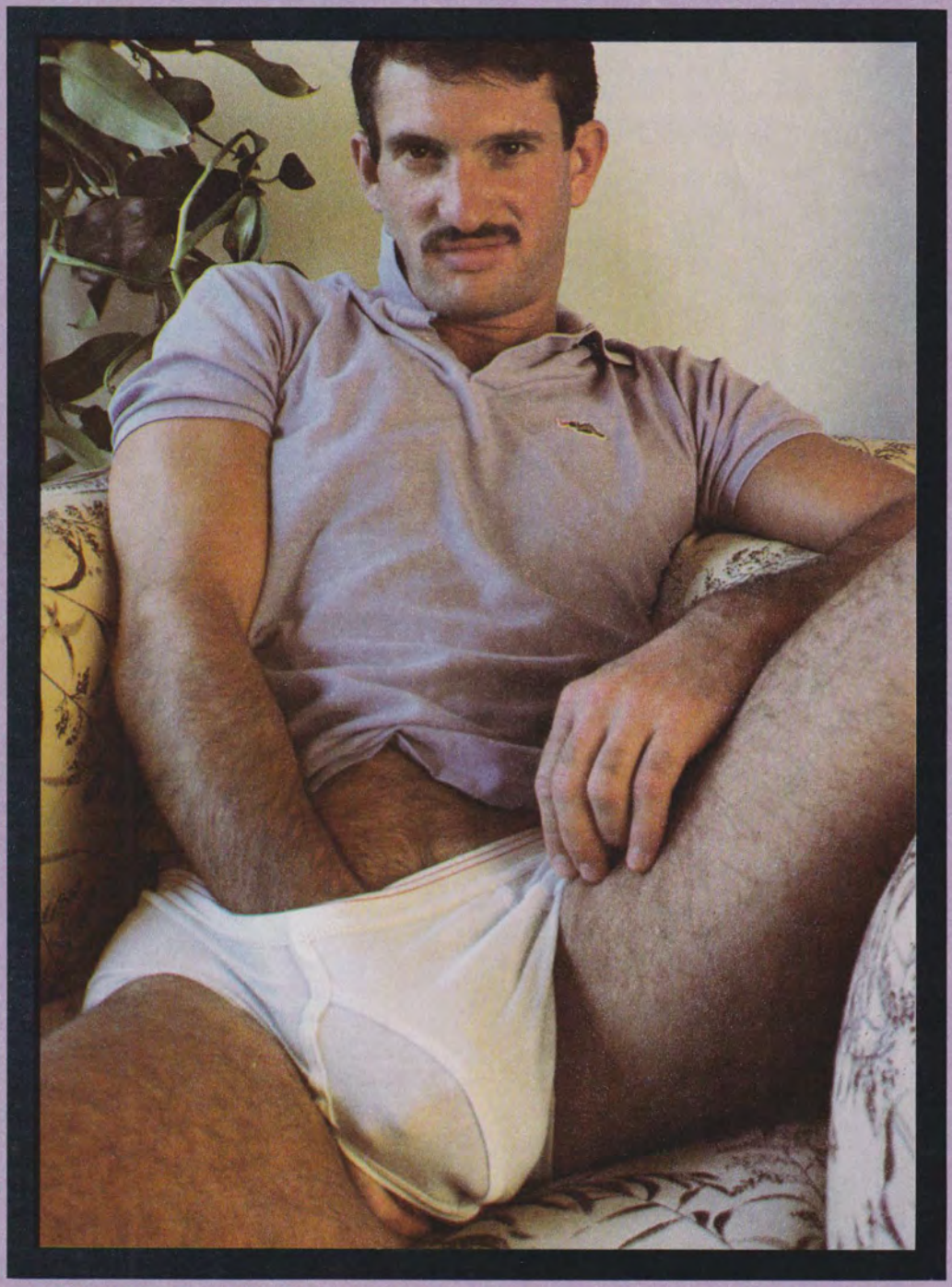
I grabbed him around the waist as I rushed headlong to my release. He spewed freely onto the bench, smearing his load all over his stomach. I shot off, pumping him full. Somehow, we eased from the bench onto the carpet and finished, rolling over and over until we were exhausted.

We lay silent for a long time without moving. Finally Ted said, "I like the basics of your new program, but we've got a few rough edges to work out!"

"I've got all the time in the world."

"Good," he replied. "That's real good, because I intend to take my time." He leaned over and kissed me. ■

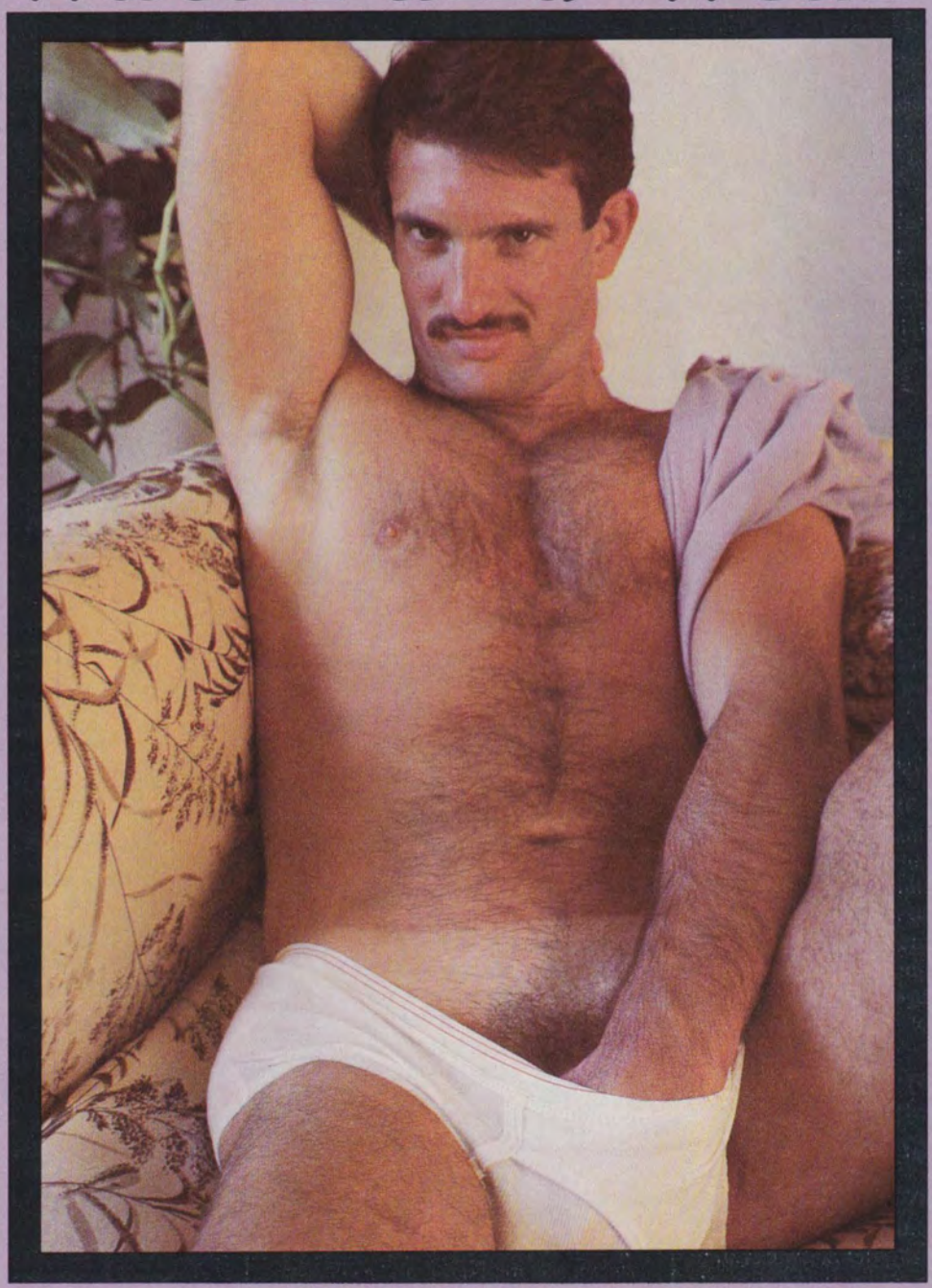
Watch and Wear



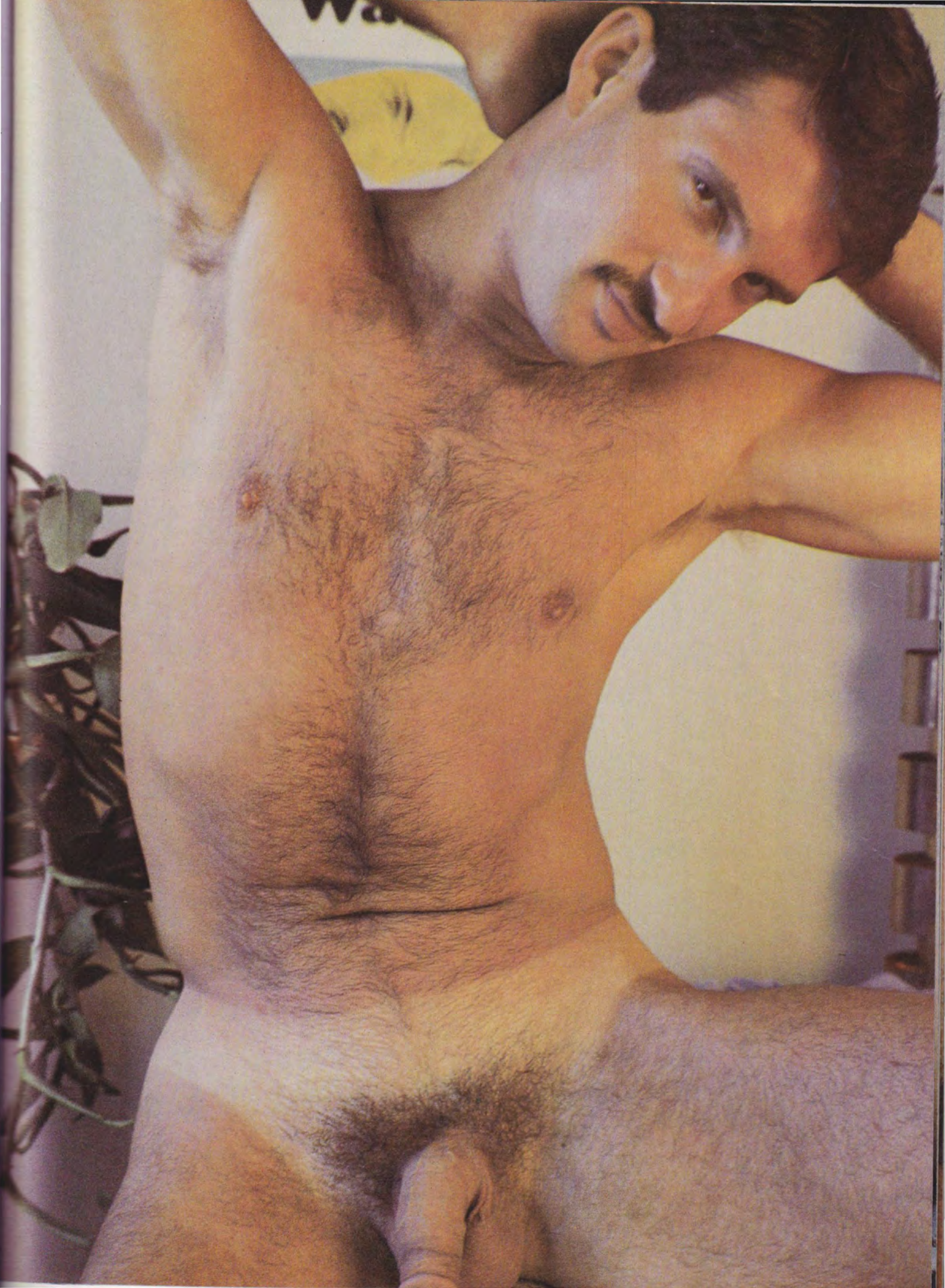
"I GOT SOMETHING HERE IN THESE JOCKEYS I THINK YOU'RE GONNA LIKE. IF YOU'LL STICK AROUND FOR A LITTLE BIT, I'LL FISH IT OUT FOR YOU."

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY M.E.N. ENTERPRISES

Watch and Wear

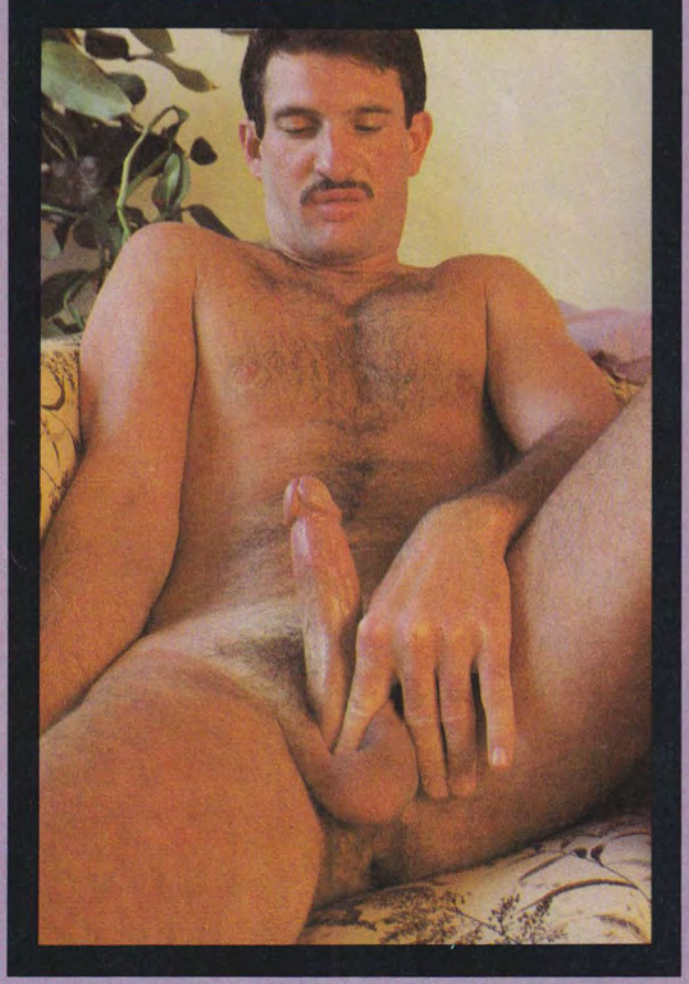


"YEAH, THAT'S BETTER. FEELS GREAT TO BE OUT OF THAT DAMN UNDERWEAR. COME TO THINK OF IT, IT FEELS GREAT TO GET RID OF ALL MY CLOTHES. WHY DON'T YOU JOIN ME?"



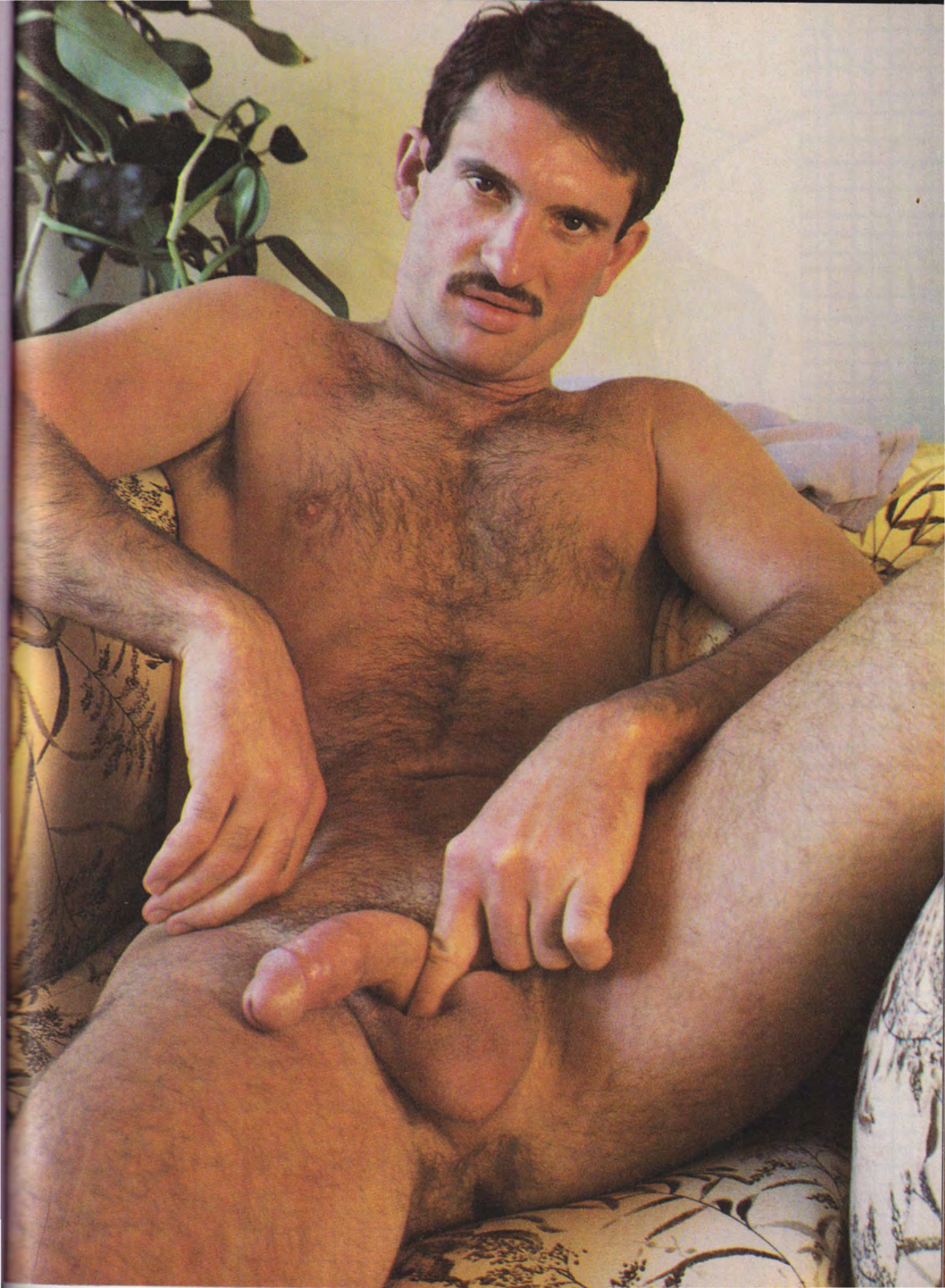
Watch and Wear

"YOU SAY YOU'D RATHER JUST WATCH ME? BUT PAL, YOU'RE SWEATING UP A STORM IN ALL THOSE DUDS. HOW CAN YOU STAND IT? I MEAN, YOU GOT THESE BIG WET STAINS IN YOUR PITS, NOT TO MENTION THAT OTHER ONE I SEE STARTING TO SPREAD."



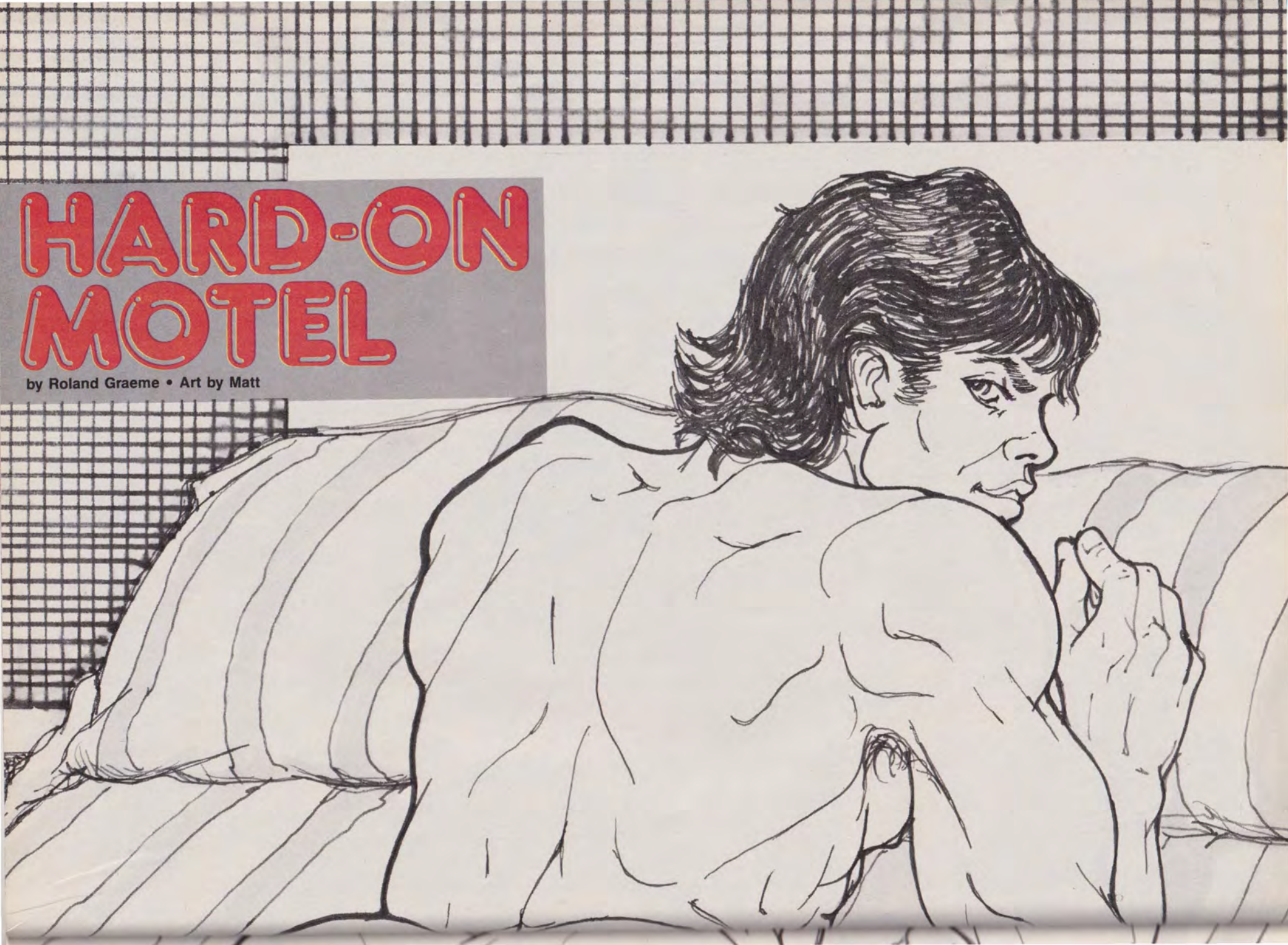
Watch and Wear

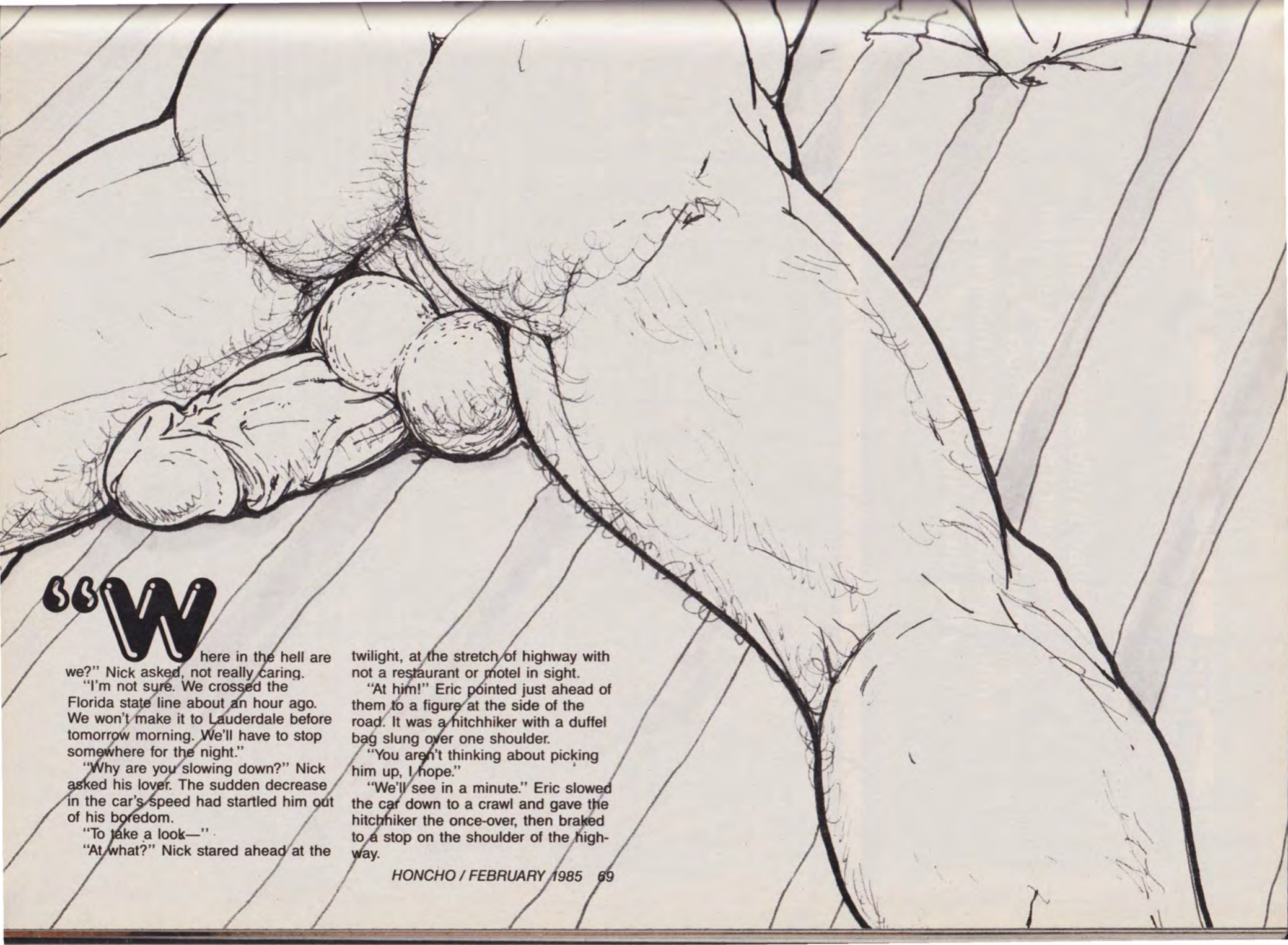
"WELL, I WON'T ARGUE WITH YOU, THOUGH I AM KINDA DISAPPOINTED. SOME GUYS GET OFF THAT WAY, ON KEEPING A GUY NAKED WHILE THEY STAY DRESSED. I GUESS THERE'S ONE GOOD THING ABOUT IT. IF YOU DON'T SWALLOW ALL I FEED YOU, AT LEAST IT WON'T SHOW UP AGAINST THAT WHITE SHIRT."



HARD-ON MOTEL

by Roland Graeme • Art by Matt





"Where in the hell are we?" Nick asked, not really caring.

"I'm not sure. We crossed the Florida state line about an hour ago. We won't make it to Lauderdale before tomorrow morning. We'll have to stop somewhere for the night."

"Why are you slowing down?" Nick asked his lover. The sudden decrease in the car's speed had startled him out of his boredom.

"To take a look—"

"At what?" Nick stared ahead at the twilight, at the stretch of highway with not a restaurant or motel in sight.

"At him!" Eric pointed just ahead of them to a figure at the side of the road. It was a hitchhiker with a duffel bag slung over one shoulder.

"You aren't thinking about picking him up, I hope."

"We'll see in a minute." Eric slowed the car down to a crawl and gave the hitchhiker the once-over, then braked to a stop on the shoulder of the highway.

The two lovers didn't have much trouble persuading their hitchhiker to "freshen up" in their motel room. Once inside, the boy learned just how hard a hard-on could get.

"I don't like it, Eric. You've never picked up a hitchhiker before," Nick protested nervously.

"That you know of," Eric corrected him. "Just shut up and let me handle this, okay? This one's different. He can be had. I can tell."

The back door opened and the guy got into the car. "Thanks a lot, men," he said. "I've been standing out there with my fucking thumb out for almost an hour!"

He was probably no more than twenty years old. He had long black hair and a tanned, sexy face.

"That's all right," Eric said pleasantly. "Our pleasure. Where you headed?"

"About twenty miles south of here. My name's Barry." His voice was husky, low-pitched and slightly raspy. "I go to school there. We're on semester break right now, so I'm just bumming around the area."

"Isn't that rather dangerous?" Nick asked primly.

"Dangerous? In what way?"

"Well, there are a lot of weirdos driving around. A young kid like you, traveling all by himself. . .!"

Barry laughed. "They can't be any weirder than I am. Besides, what's there to be afraid of? If some guy needs it bad enough to want to try raping me, it's kind of my moral obligation to put out for him willingly. Don't you agree?"

Nick almost choked at the boy's brazen declaration, but Eric only laughed. "Are you serious?" Nick demanded.

"Sure! That's the trouble with the world today. There's too much violence, hostility, and fear—and not nearly enough fucking and sucking."

"You've got a point," Eric said. "By the way, I'm Eric, and that's Nick."

"Glad to meet you."

"Can I give you a cigarette?"

"No, thanks. I don't smoke. At least," Barry chuckled, "not that brand!"

Nick sat back in his seat and listened while Eric and the boy talked, knowing where the increasingly suggestive conversation was leading. He should have figured it from the moment Eric slowed down. It had been two weeks since they'd had a three-way, and two weeks was a long time for Eric to go without a new sex partner—without corrupting somebody new, Nick thought caustically; not that this kid Barry seemed uncorrupted, anyway.

"There's a motel over there with a restaurant," Eric said. "Should we stop for the night, Nick?"

"It's up to you."

"If you guys are stopping for the night, I guess I'll get out here and try my luck in the parking lot," Barry said.

"Why?" Eric asked so innocently that Nick knew for certain what he was up to.

"Well, it's not much further to where I'm going. If I catch another ride, maybe from a truck driver stopping at that diner, I can be there before it gets too late tonight."

"What if you can't get another ride?"

Barry shrugged his shoulders. "I'll worry about that when it happens. Anyway, I've slept by the side of the road before."

As Nick had suspected, Eric didn't have much difficulty persuading Barry to "freshen up" with them in their motel room before they treated him to dinner. While Eric got out of the car and went into the office to register, Barry didn't attempt to make conversation; he knew instinctively that he and Nick had little to say to each other. A few minutes later, Eric returned with the room key. Nick wearily got out of the car. With Barry tagging along behind, he walked to the room and opened up while Eric got their luggage.

"This is nice!" the boy exclaimed. "Real nice, don't you think, Nick?"

Nick shrugged. "Standard," he said dismissively. "Just standard—routine." He wasn't talking about the motel room.

"I always thought these motels were kind of—well, sleazy, you know?"

"It's not the motel room that makes a place sleazy," Nick informed him. "It's the people who stay in it and what they do."

Barry looked at him strangely, then laughed. "I guess you're right. Listen, if you don't mind, I'd really like to take a shower before we eat. It was awfully hot and dusty on that highway. I feel like I've got half the dirt in Florida on my skin. I won't take long, I promise."

"Take all the time you need." Nick stretched out on one of the double beds in the room while Barry went into the bathroom and closed the door. A few minutes later the shower started, and a moment after that Eric came through the door with their bags.

"You talked him out of his clothes and into taking a shower already?" Eric laughed softly. "Good! Why don't we get undressed, too?"

"Eric, I don't want to have a

Eric's hairy balls spread across the boy's chin as he began to pump his cock slowly in and out of his mouth. The boy's hands dug into Eric's hips, while his tongue danced up and down the length of dick inside his hungry mouth.

threeway with him. Let's buy him a meal and send him on his way. Let some horny truck driver give him a blow job, since he's so hot for sex! What do we have to get involved with him for?"

"Because we want to, that's why."

"*You* want to! Not me!"

Eric chuckled. "All that means is that I've already made up my mind to fuck him; you're still trying to get yourself to accept the fact that you've got the hots for him as much as I do, Mister High-and-Mighty."

"I do not! You bastard! You—!"

The bathroom door opened abruptly, and Barry stood there naked, rubbing his damp hair with a towel, his skin gleaming clean. Out of the filthy jeans and denim jacket he'd been wearing on the road, he was an exceptionally attractive young stud. His legs were long and muscular, his chest solid and hairy, and his cock large even when soft.

"Oh," he gasped, a bit too dramatically, Nick thought. "I didn't know you were back."

"That's all right."

"I'd better put my clothes back on."

"Don't bother," Eric insisted. "Nick and I are always running around bareassed. We were about to get comfortable ourselves, anyway." He began to undress, to demonstrate the point.

Barry didn't hesitate, but came into the room naked and matter-of-factly took a thinly rolled cigarette and a roach clip out of his duffel bag. Sitting on the opposite bed from him, Nick had a perfect view of the boy's nude body, his buttocks and his crotch. Nick looked away, caught Eric's look, and knew that his lover was ogling Barry's cock and balls and ass, too. Nick tried not to look back, but his eyes were irresistibly drawn to Barry's crotch. As the hitchhiker put the joint in his mouth and lit it, then took deep, lung-filling drags of the cigarette, his smile became wider with each toke.

"Man! This stuff is super, super grass! Quick, try it!" He giggled and lay flat on his back on the bed, handing the roach clip to Nick, who gave it to Eric without sampling it.

As he smoked the joint, Eric finished stripping and motioned for Nick to get undressed, too. Eric crossed the room to where Barry was lying, sat down beside him naked and hefted his rigid cock in his hand. "You look like you're flying already," he commented huskily.

Barry raised his head from the pillow as he took the joint from Eric. "I am, man, I am!" He paused, seeing Eric's nakedness and his erection, then he inhaled the potent smoke and smiled. "You're getting hard."

"Do you mind?"

"No! Why the fuck should I mind? You're both beautiful guys and I'd really get off on making it with both of you!" the boy declared. "Why don't we all fuck?" he invited as Eric's warm hand ran down his naked torso in a light caress.

Barry was hot-looking, Nick had to admit. Completely naked, he was one of the most attractive young men Nick had ever seen. His body was bronzed by the sun, perfectly proportioned, and his fat cock was stirring sluggishly to life. A tingling raced through Nick as he stared at that ripe young dick and watched Eric's hand stroke it. Obedient to Eric's will, Nick had stripped out of his own clothes and now, looking down at his nipples, he saw they were hard with excitement. He felt the throbbing of his erection between his thighs, too. Although his mind might deny it, he knew his body wanted to have sex with their handsome young pickup.

Eric's hand motioned him to come over to the other bed. "We want to make love to you, Barry," he whispered.

"Fantastic!" the boy answered. "That's out of sight! Let's all fuck and suck like animals, guys! I'll do anything you want!"

Eric nodded to Nick to get on his knees in front of the boy. He spread Barry's legs wider, then moved back so that he could watch what Nick did.

Nick's hands trembled as he touched Barry's thighs. The boy's brown skin felt so cool, so sleek and soft, yet there was solid, unyielding muscle just under its surface. Nick rubbed his fingers slowly up and down, from Barry's knees to his groin and then up over his belly to his pecs. Nick moved in closer on his knees until he was right up against the bed. His head hovered above Barry's dick. He stared down at the dark pink meatiness of the boy's cock, touched it with his fingertips, felt it pulsate and stiffen against his touch.

Suddenly his breath caught in his throat and he knew he could hold himself back no longer. His head darted between Barry's thighs, his tongue lapped at the boy's balls, then slithered up to wet every inch of his cock. Nick's fingers moved down to explore the crack of the boy's ass. He felt the ass cheeks spreading for his hand, and when his mouth closed around

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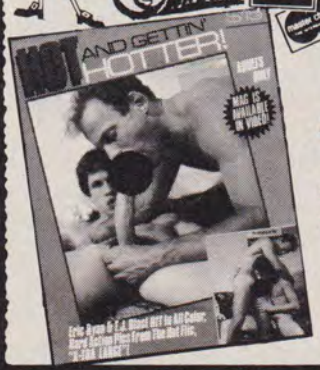

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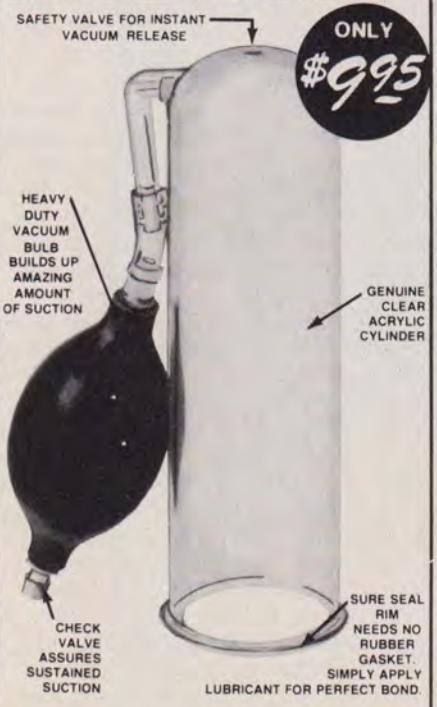

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the head of Barry's dick he felt a slight pull from inside the asshole, as though the boy's ass muscle were trying to suck his fingertip into itself.

"Oh, fantastic! You suck just great, man!" Barry moaned, as Nick's tongue darted over the head of his dick. His lips caressed the thick shaft lower down, and his finger plunged gently in and out of Barry's relaxed asshole. "Don't stop! Suck me! And finger me, fuck my ass with your finger, man! Suck and fuck!"

While Nick's head bobbed up and down between Barry's thighs, his lips and tongue working their magic on his cock, Eric watched and played with himself until his cock was swollen to its fullest extent. He reached for Barry's hand, brought it to his lap, and wrapped the fingers around his erect cock. To his surprise and delight, the boy grasped it firmly, without hesitation or reluctance. He tugged on it until Eric gasped from the sensations of the hand job he was getting from Barry.

"Put it in my mouth, man!" Barry begged. "It's so big and hard! I want to suck it. Put it in my mouth, please! Let me suck you!"

Eric didn't wait to be invited twice. He scrambled onto his knees, straddled the boy's chest, and aimed his dick down at Barry's sensuous red mouth. Barry's head bobbed up for it, catching the swollen tip between his lips and licking it lasciviously with loud, wet, smacking noises. He caressed it with the end of his tongue as he sucked. Eric leaned forward further and fed his prickshaft slowly into Barry's hot, wet, juicy mouth, watching it disappear between those luscious red lips. He thought the boy would surely gag on it, have to pull back, but being stoned seemed to have relaxed his gag reflex; he took it right to the hilt with no trouble at all. Eric's hairy balls spread across the boy's chin as he began to pump his cock slowly in and out of his mouth. The boy's hands dug into Eric's hips, moving him at his own rhythm while his tongue danced up and down the length of dick inside his hungry mouth.

Nick knew what Eric was doing. He could hear his lover's grunts of pleasure as he rocked up and down in the boy's mouth, as well as the gurgling sounds of Barry sucking on him. The bed rocked with a steadily accelerating beat as Eric began to pump faster. His excitement grew with each stroke of his cock between Barry's lips. Nick hurried, too, wanting to finish the boy off and taste his cum in his mouth before Eric shot. Nick hoped that Barry would stop sucking Eric if he had his own orgasm, and leave Eric frustrated and disappointed, as the bastard so richly deserved.

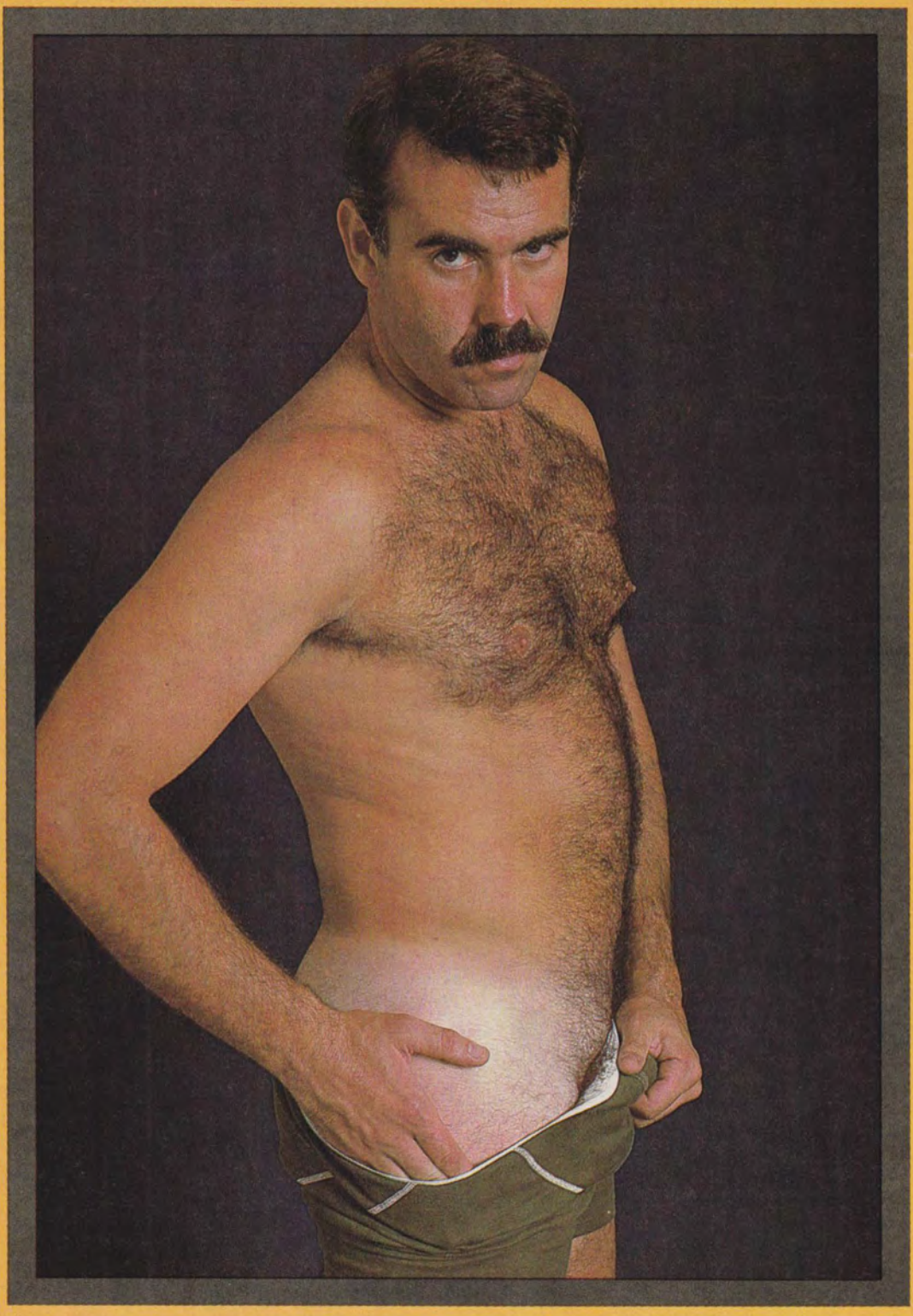
Nick's head bobbed faster and faster as he milked Barry's sweet young cock, feeling it quiver inside his mouth as he drooled over its bulk. The boy's dick was swollen incredibly stiff, and Nick lashed at it with the flat of his tongue each time he plunged his mouth down on the kid's meat. He knew it must be driving Barry nearer to an explosive ejaculation. His hands squeezed the boy's thighs and ass cheeks, urging him to hurry. But the race was already over, because Nick could hear Eric's groans turning into frantic gasps, and he knew Eric was ready to come.

Eric's body hammered up and down on Barry's chest. He thrust his dick so deeply into the boy's mouth that he could almost feel the tonsils striking the tip of it. The pressure inside Eric's dick had built to volcanic intensity, and he knew it would only take a few more lunges for him to climax. He deliberately slowed his pace; the agonizing slackening of speed was just the trigger his body needed. Driving down hard, he imbedded his cock all the way in Barry's throat and began to empty his sperm into it. He burst in the boy's sucking mouth, giving him stream after stream of his white-hot juice.

That was what the boy was waiting for. No sooner had Eric's groans made it clear that he was having an orgasm than Barry's hips thrust up hard in Nick's face and his cock began to give off its sweet, thick fluid. Nick was surprised by the suddenness of it. Barry's legs tightened on his head and forced him back down on his cock. Nick's tongue slithered up and down the boy's creaming cockshaft and began to lap at it in a frenzy. He swallowed the potent nectar as he sucked it out of the young stud's juicy dick.

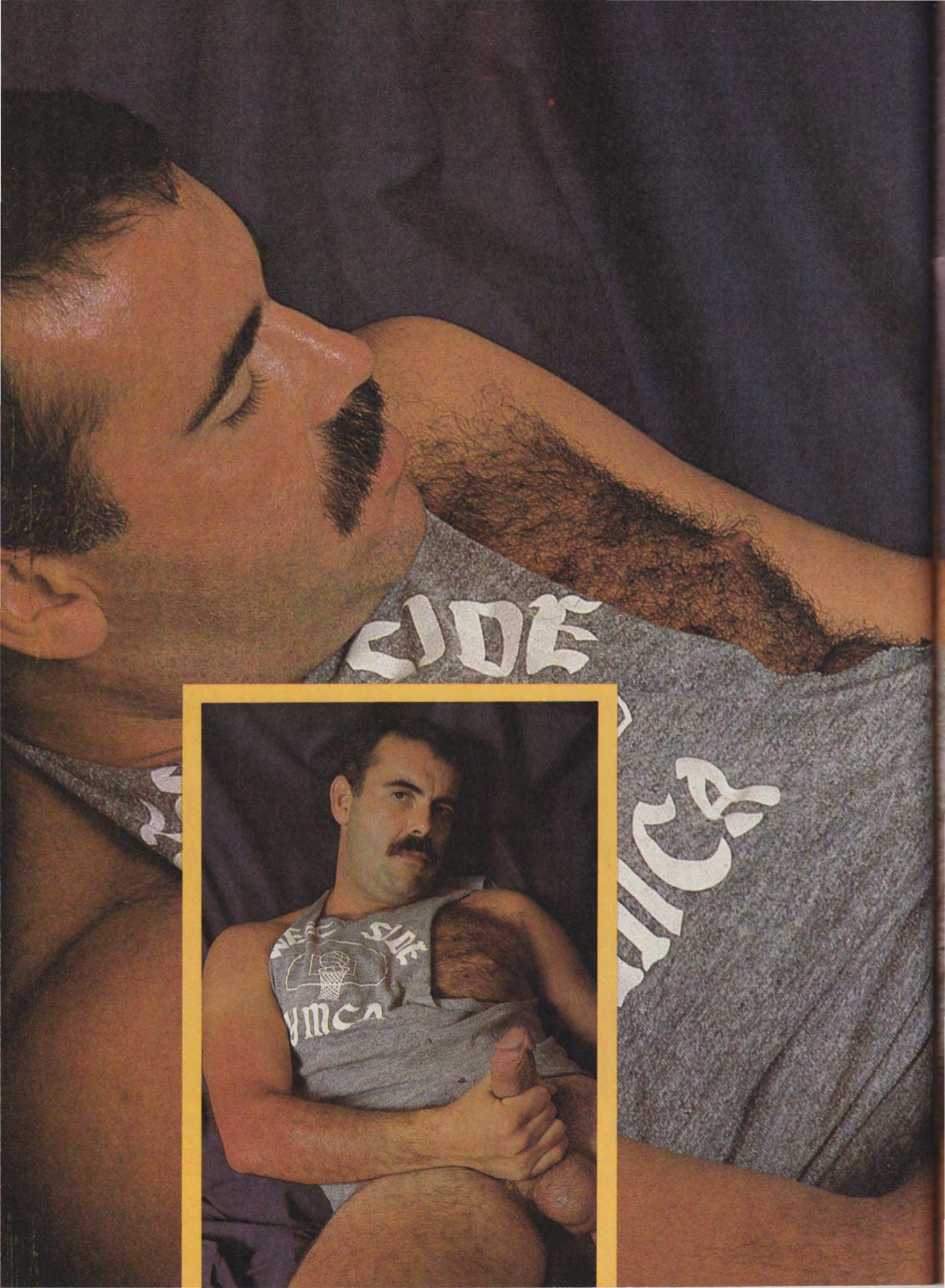
Barry was still coming in Nick's mouth when Eric pulled out of his mouth and rolled onto his back. He watched his lover's head jerking between the boy's thighs, heard Nick's mouth sucking the sweet jism out, and he smiled to himself as he reached for the lubricant he had placed on the nightstand. He began to grease up his cock for its trip up Barry's willing, and no doubt hot and horny, asshole. Eric was still grinning when Nick finally pulled away from the cock he'd sucked dry. As Eric caught his lover's eye, the unspoken taunt *I told you so!* flashed quickly from him to Nick.■

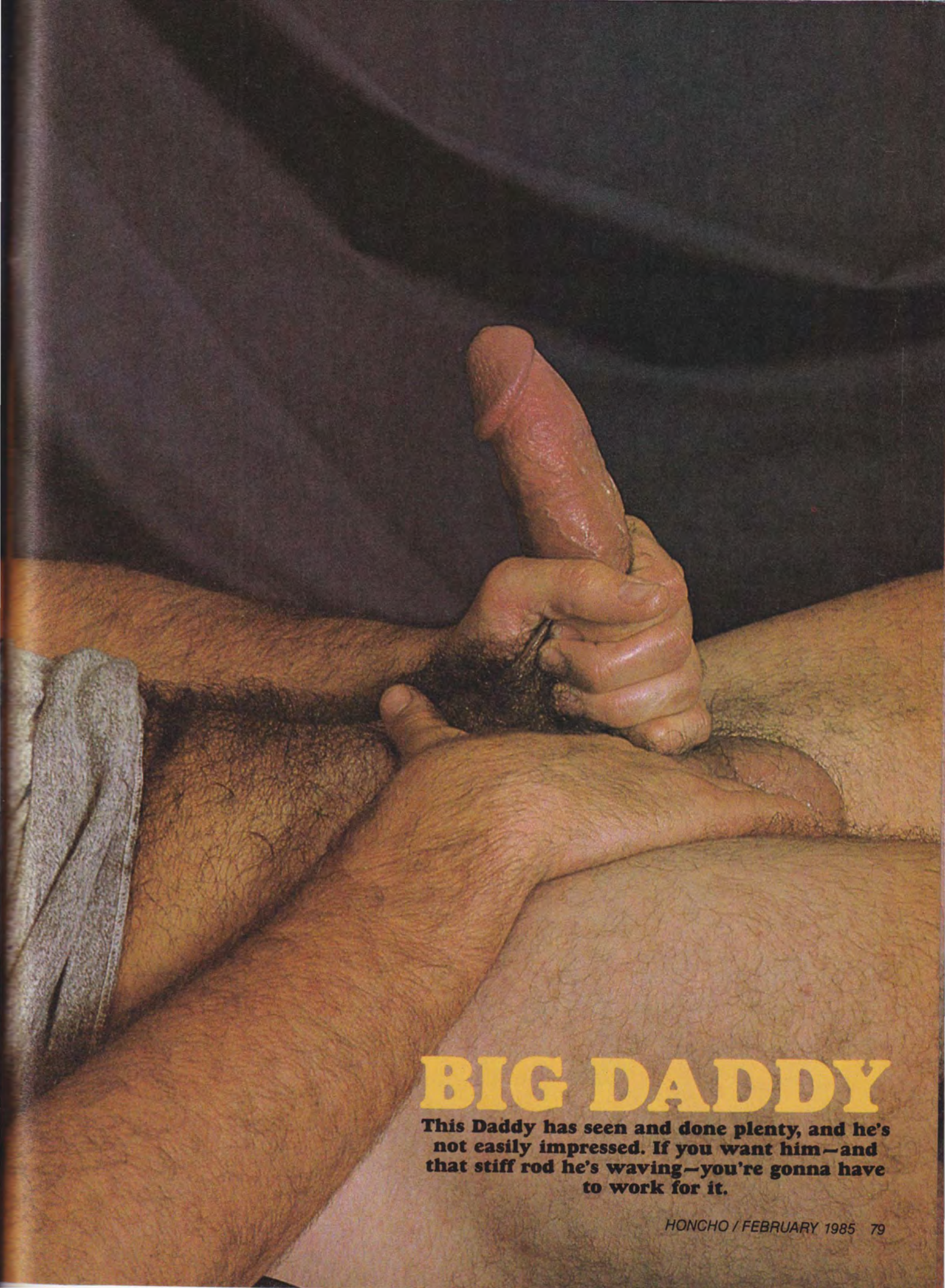
BIG DADDY



Looking for a Big Daddy with a little gray in his temples and some heft in his gut? You've found him, sonny boy.

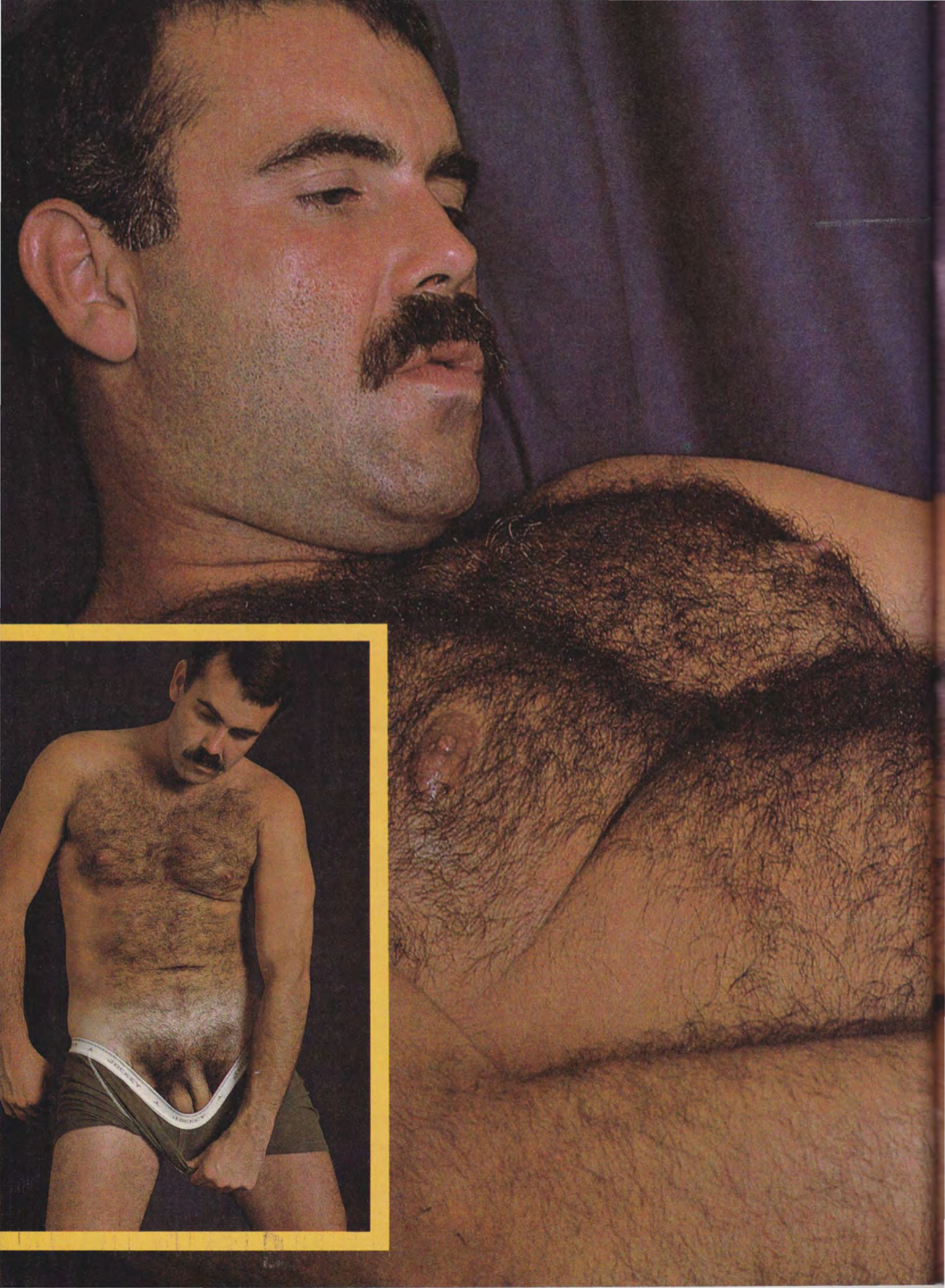
Section photographed by Torrey


SIDE
YMCA



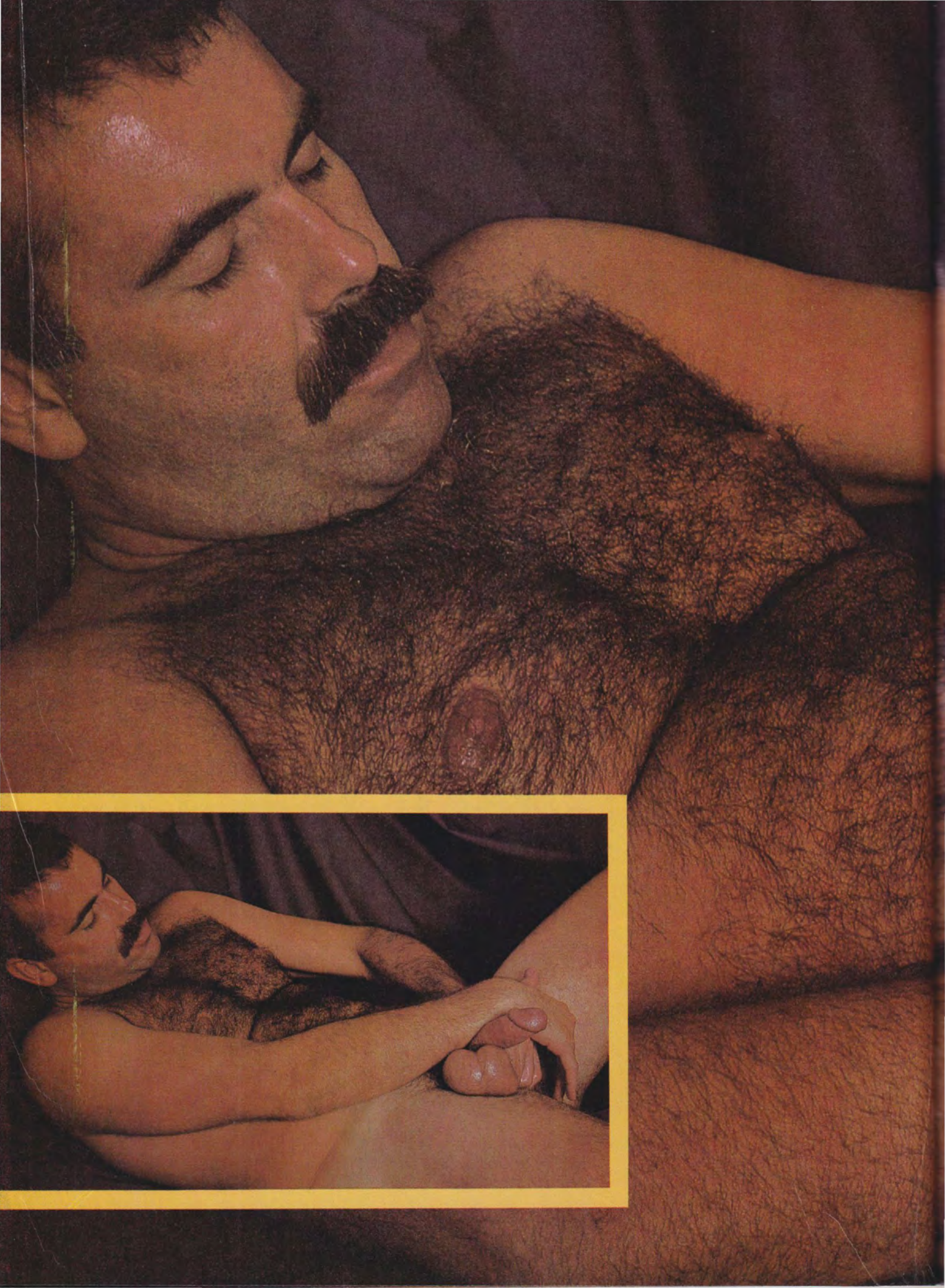
BIG DADDY

This Daddy has seen and done plenty, and he's not easily impressed. If you want him—and that stiff rod he's waving—you're gonna have to work for it.



BIG DADDY

Daddy loves praise. Tell him how much you want him. How much you want to work those hairy tits until they're red and raw. How you want to wash every furry inch of him with your tongue. Say the right things, and he may reward you.



BIG DADDY

His overloaded ball sack is driving him nuts. All your longing looks and hot dirty talk have done the trick, and now he needs release. Desperately. Be a good boy, and take your Daddy's load.

MAN SEARCH

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Please allow 90 days from the first of each month for publication of your ad. Note the following schedule:

AD DEADLINE	ON SALE
2/1/85	5/1/85
3/1/85	6/1/85
4/1/85	7/1/85
5/1/85	8/1/85
6/1/85	9/1/85
7/1/85	10/1/85
8/1/85	11/1/85

All ads are listed by state, except for commercial ads, which will appear under that heading. Since HONCHO will not be involved in forwarding responses to ads, please include the complete address, including zip code, where you may receive correspondence resulting from your ad. Ads will not be printed without an address or post office box number. A telephone number may be included, but HONCHO will take no responsibility for verifying such numbers.

Enclose full payment for your ad when you submit it. Make check or money order payable to HONCHO.

HONCHO does not knowingly accept fraudulent advertising. Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state, and federal laws. No advertisements will be accepted from persons under 18.

☐ *My ad is _____ words @ 50¢ per word*

☐ *Commercial—add $25.00 per issue to total cost*

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☐ *12 issues 20%*
☐ *6 issues 10%*

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Multiply cost × number of issues ad runs = $_____

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PRINT CLEARLY all information and sign below.

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Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

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ARIZONA

HEY GUYS I'M BACK
G. Indian 29, 5'7", 138 lbs., have tight ass. If you love to fuck and are 6 inches to ? in size, let's get together. Write with photo to Wayne Walker, 116 Tucker St., Apt. #4, Kingman, AZ 86401. Had a lover, but left him to meet other guys for sex and friendship. If you missed me the first time around, let's give it a second chance, OK?

CALIFORNIA

GWM, 30, 6', 170 LBS.
Brown hair/eyes, discreet, submissive, seeks honest love any race from 30, not into gay scene. Answer with photo. C.D., 326 Evergreen Ave., Daly City, CA 94014.

HANDSOME ALL-AMERICAN W/M
26, 5'8", 135 lbs., brown hair/blue eyes, educated professional enjoys swimming and body building seeks well-built masculine, professional, non-smoking topman for relationship. Call Tom (213) 650-5112.

VERY HOT DADDIES BOY
WM, 22, 5' 6", 120 smooth well-defined body looking for hot daddy 35-45 with a strong hand for discipline. Write with photo, phone to Boy, 540 Clipper St. #2, San Francisco, CA 94114.

ROPES
Hot, horny, well put-togther Libran, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, has a lot of rope and a lot of time to explore bondage trips with equally intense, like-minded MEN. Tune in to some real trips with a goodlooking bottom/top. Photo brings a photo. Occupant, 795 Buena Vista West, #4, San Francisco, CA 94117.

PRIDE OF SERVICE
Black man requested. Focus on attitude and gear (leather) with positive presentation. Satisfaction guaranteed by W/M 44, 5' 9", 160#. Mr. Michael 213/384-4949; Box 291-031; LA, CA 90029.

LITTLE BOYS WANTED (18+)
Dad GWM 35 6'2" 180 Br Br Beard wants boys 18-29 into J/O, and cocksucking to service Dad's dick. Call AL—213 650-0720. No fat, fems.

'84 OLYMPICS ACCOMODATIONS
Bodybuilder offers private room with own entrance, secluded Hollywood Hills home, to masculine hunk. For details, write with photo & phone: Boxholder, P.O. Box 8361, North Hollywood, CA 91608.

GOOD-LOOKING SOUTHERN CALIF. ATHLETE
GWM 21, 6'2", 170 lbs. Smooth, well defined body. Moving to Huntington Beach on 2/21/84. Need someone(s) to show me around. All letters answered. All situations, relationships, propositions and opportunities considered. No fats or fems. S.Z. Lane, 2500 W. 6th, #507, Lawrence, KS 66044. All mail forwarded.

SKI THE ROCKIES
Handsome, muscular skier, thirties, seeks exceptionally handsome, muscular stud for rockies ski trips. Send photo, letter, sex prefences to Box 108, 2215-R Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

HOT, SUBMISSIVE, MARRIED
WM, 34, 5'9", 153, good looking will exquisitely pleasure heavy hung, well built "Bossman." Exclusive discreet liaison to avoid disease. P.O.B. 1278, Solana Beach, CA 92075.

SLAVES!
Y/W/M seeks slaves to worship and serve Him as part of a newly formed "Church" that understands your place. Be prepared to perform as the slave you are and an offering may be taken of those who prove themselves. Send photo, and detailed application letter to: The First Lord of The High Court c/o Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650.

Latino 20 GDLKNG
Seeks guys 18-20 in L.A. L.B. area for good times and poss. relationship. All answered with photo. M.R., PO Box 1164, Southgate, CA 90280.

WANTED: HOT STUD INTO GENITAL PAIN
Excellent opportunity for attractive, well-built guy into having his balls worked over. Room, board, frequent vacation travel, other benefits. I'm 27, stable, friendly. Write 2265 Westwood Blvd., Suite B-168, L.A., CA 90064. Photo a must.

HOT MARRIED MAN
38, 6', 175 Masculine. Seeks other married men, 32-42, French passive, masculine, hung for discreet daytime action. Bronski, 8033 Sunset Blvd., #831, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

SLAVE WANTED
North Hollywood—Los Angeles. Master, 52, 5'10", 152 lbs., br/br. in fair shape for my age. Dig slaves 18-28 only. No beards or Mustaches. Smooth bodies. Have nice assortment of leather & S&M gear. Slave must dig bondage. Verbal abuse, mutual heavy tit work—my tits especially. Must dig raunchy games, but will respect slaves' limits, and any unacceptable sex play. No fats or phonies, however. I am Greek passive, also dig eating hot ass & piss both ways. If the ad fits call Tony at (213) 985-7001, or write with Phone & Pix to: Tony M., Box 1023, Hollywood, CA 90028.

VERY HOT DADDY
Dominant Daddy, 38, 5'9", 160, very muscular, goodlooking, seeks Daddy's boy under 28, smooth and slim, in need of discipline and adventure. Write with photo, phone no. to: Daddy, P.O. Box 2512, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

SOUTH BAY SLAVE
WM, 25, 6'0", slim, novice, blonde, smooth, needs to be collared by special Master. Torture, tits, C&B, bondage and ? Reply Sir: P.O. Box 7000-81, Rolling Hills, CA 90274.

ORIENTALS & LATINS!
Y/W/M located in Orange County looking for hot & creative times with good looking Orientals and Latins (please no fems). Let's explore each other and maybe try some creative things. Write GST c/o Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650.

SLAVE WANTED BY HOT SADISTIC TOP
If you're ready for the real thing, send letter and picture to Box 5692, Glendale, CA 91201-5692. I'll try you out.

VERY ATTRACTIVE W/M
seeks Nazi, police & military fantasies. I'm 25 clean-cut jew slave for muscular training master. Phone # and photo (returned) to: LR, P.O. Box 69A04, West Hollywood, California 90069. I'll answer all replies with my photo, too!

PROUD SEXY MAN
34, 5'8", 140 lbs., good body, needs to be totally dominated, bound and used by 1 or 2 very well-built masculine studs or by master who has slave and desires more. Photo, letter to Zack Carter, Box 1152, 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, CA 90028.

MALIBU MEN WANT YOU
Travelling to Malibu? Be our house guest on the beach. We are 26 and 27 blond blue eyes and goodlooking. We enjoy 3, 4 and 5 ways. Send candid photo for immediate reply. Also state age, dimensions (everywhere) and desired travel time to Malibu. No fats, fems, S/M or oldies. Write Gabriel and Justin, PO Box 2167, Malibu, CA 80265. No reply without full candid photo and personal description. Foreign languages spoken.

FROLICING FOR FITNESS
Cute, very attractive man into fitness seeks GQ candidates with defined physique for caressing and giving glorious head. 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., azure eyes, walnut hair, nice thighs! Send photos for reply to Robert Fox, 136 E. Victoria, #190 SB Calif. 93101

VERY HOT DADDY
Dominant Daddy, 38, 5'9", 160, very muscular, goodlooking, seeks Daddy's boy under 28, smooth and slim, in need of discipline and adventure. Write with photo, phone no. to: Daddy, P.O. Box 2512, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

COLORADO

WM, 36, INTO C-B TORTURE,
being fucked by D's, D's & D's. Box 175, Evans, CO 80620.

VERY SEXY SEEKS SAME
Sexy, intelligent, gdlkg stud seeks same 18-35. Photo gets mine. Box 167, Greeley, CO 80631.

CONNECTICUT

VRY HANDS. SEEK SAME
Top Quality sks same. 6' 170# 42 hry ch, 30w, musc.-defined-trim. Want only vry hnds.-musc hunks-model quality, wh or blk. Photo a must. Occupant, Box 397 New Haven, CT 06502.

CONNECTI-CUTE
GWM, 5'11", 27, 180 lbs., seeks virile connoisseurs of vanilla sex. Likes! Classical music, poetry, modern art, teddy bears. Turnoffs! drugs, S&M, pain. (203) 562-7741. 848 State St. New Haven, CT 06511.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

GWM LOVES TO GET SUCKED IN D.C.
GWM, 27, 6 ft., 170, sandy hair, loves to get sucked and fucked. Love men in jockstraps. Steve, 202-543-2290.

HORNY GWM, 23,
wants Greek and French with other guys my age in D.C. and other Eastern cities. I'm hot, healthy. No fats. Send nude photo for my response. LJD, POB 4824, Washington, DC 20008.

FLORIDA

MIAMI BOY
GWM 24, 5'10", 170 lb looking for young guys to age 25 for fun and possible relationship. Photo a plus. Write Gregg, PO Box 163706, Miami, FL 33116-3706.

W/M, 30, BLOND, GREEN EYES, 6'1", 150,
Muscular swimmer, seeks muscular, masculine or athletic men. Light bondage and massage. Send photo. Brooks, PO Box 4177, Lantana, FL 33462.

TALL EXTREMELY GOOD LOOKING
Carmel black guy would like to meet masculine sincere guys of any race especially Spanish. P.O. Box 1702, Tampa, FL 33601.

FT. LAUDERDALE AREA
6'0", 160 lbs., bi-Italian w/7" wants to meet other married bi-guys for discreet action. 25-45 blonde muscular preferred. Your photo gets mine. Dino, P.O. Box 2035, Boca Raton, FLA 33432

GWM, 28
Burns for friends under 40, all races desired! Brian, P.O. Box 15846, Panama City, FL 32405.

SARASOTA
I am 20, 5'7", WGM. Wish to meet others in area, fun and relationship in mind. NO S/M, B/D. Photo a plus. Pen Pals welcome. I await your letters. John W., PO Box 15822, Sarasota, FL 33579.

SINCERE YOUNG WHITE MALE
would like to hear from anyone. Release soon. Send S.A.S.E. Please will answer all. Kenneth Gardner-092244, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

GEORGIA

HOT ASS
Needs fucking & fisting. Great balls—top me—goodlooking. Rick, PO Box 720153, Atlanta, GA 30328.

NEED GOOD FUCK
Horny WM, 31, 155 lbs., 5'11", blue eyes, brown hair needs good fuck. Light S&M, dildoes, enemas, jocks, aroma, three-ways. Versatile french/greek, rimming, FF, tit & ass play. Seeks like-minded. Photo appreciated. H. Roberts, 98 Peachtree Place, Warner Robins, GA 31093.

HAWAII

BI-GAY VISITORS TO OAUH HI,
Bi black stud, Fr A/P, G/A wants to meat you for action. Write Boxholder, POB 85, Pearl City, HI 96782.

IDAHO

LONELY IDAHO FARMER
Love correspondence with guys any age into tight levis. Send photo to: Bill, Box 893, Idaho Falls, ID 83402.

ILLINOIS

THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE
About yourself: Handsome, body conscientious, twenty to early thirty, white male. Virile, intelligent and exciting! Hair; preferably dark, on head, face and body. Someone looking for a partner to develop and grow with in many ways; physically, emotionally and sensually. About myself: 21, hairy, white college student. 6', 190 lbs. Outgoing and energetic individual. Serious letters only. Photo a must! Include return address. Boxholder, P.O. Box 2324, Bridgeview, Illinois 60455.

JOSHUA. 22. 5/8 130 lbs.
9½ cut eggballs. Bottom. Dirty talk is what I want to hear. Like daddy type. Nothing under 6 in. If you've got it all, I want it all!!! Joshua O'Sullivan, 8411 Andrea Ln, Woodridge, IL 60517.

CHICAGO HUNK
Looking for hard, heavy, muscle action. Good build and photo required. Box S-344, 323 S. Franklin Bldg., Chicago, IL 60606.

CHICAGO LEATHERMASTER
GWM 30, 6'2" 190 lbs. Muscular stud seeks trainees under 25 for obedience training (spanking/whipping). Master wears tight faded Levi 501s and full leather (cycle jacket, chaps, vest, wrist gloves & boots w(spurs). Trainee's must be attractive, have good body, no experience in S&M, wear Levis/leather. No fats, fems, blacks, dopeheads. Send photo & phone w/letter. Chris, P.O. Box 148080, Chicago ILL. 60614

YOUNG ATTRACTIVE GWM
28, looking for lasting relationship with male between 18-35. Photo appreciated. No fats or fems, P.O. Box 6261, Peoria, IL 61601.

INDIANA

YOUNG ASS MASTER
Wants hot ass slaves. Photo and letter of submission required. Box 6862, Valparaiso, IN 46383.

ELKHART AREA
Studs around Elkhart area married or single 35-45 who can fill a gap with this hot 31 yr. old. Good-looking 5'8", 148 lb. Brn/Bl 7½" real hard cocked guy. Write Witman, PO Box 651, Wakarusa, IN 46573.

W/M, 27, 5' 10", 155,
blond, blue, married, seeks discreet muscular hunks to worship. I want to please you. Occupant, Box 35, Butlerville, IN 47223.

DISCREET MAN—6' 3" 170
WM, 40, lives on Lake, Ind, Ill, border seeking other males in area for sex, active and passive. Possible live-in for right guy. Will answer all letters with my telephone number. Write PO Box 151, Blandford, IN 47831.

IOWA

PENPALS
WM, 28, assistant coach needs hot correspondence from masters of all ages. My muscles are totally submissive. Please, sir, write me. Roger N., 409 Greer, Cherokee, IA 51012.

INTO ANYTHING
32 6'1" 175 lbs. IA-Minn-Wisc-Illinois-Missouri—into anything but scat. 8" cut. Box 8334, Des Moines, IA 50306.

KANSAS

DUO LOOKING FOR MASTER
29, Topeka Area. Looking for master to train slaves for service. Prefer 20-40, hung. Willing to expand limits for right leatherman who knows limitations. We await replies at Box 4797, Topeka, KS 66604.

JUST BEGINNING
I am 20, 5'7", 175 lbs. and Spanish. Would like someone between 18-30 to show me the ropes. Jason Collinge, 3408 N. Market #4, Wichita, KS 67204.

KENTUCKY

WESTERN KY AREA
White bisexual, masculine, aggressive, like outdoors, age 50, 5'8", 175 lbs., 6" uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy, Libra. Only want to hear from those who can send photos in first letter. Farmers, loggers, truckers, etc. Prefer hairy white rugged guys, smooth OK. Must be stocky. Photo exchange. Let's get acquainted. Owen Krabson, Box 240, Rt. 4, Hwy 231, Utica, KY 42365.

FRIENDSHIP NEEDED
Early 50's, new to scene, looking for totally masculine kid brother, son or junior partner type for correspondence, meetings and possible lasting relationship. Travel wide area at times. Interests: hunting, fishing, campiing, BB & sincere discreet friends. Race and age unimportant. Facts and photo are essential. Dave, P.O. Box 365, Murry, KY 42071.

DREAM LOVER CUM TO ME
If you're 20-40, bi or GWM, attractive and firm, uncut and hair a plus. I'm seeking a lasting relationship. I'm 26, 5'8, attractive, BR/BR, 150 lbs., 30" waist, 7" cock, smooth developed pecs. Write/photo: Occupant, P.O. Box 804, Louisville, KY 40201.

WANTS LOVER NEAR LOUISVILLE
GWM, very masculine, 25, 6', 190 lbs. Wants a guy for emotional support and love. Like sports and outdoor activity. Must be 25-45 and live within 175 miles from Louisville area. Occupant, P.O. Box 4633, Louisville, KY 40204.

LOUISIANA

LOOKING FOR FRIENDS
18-40. I'm 25, 6'0, 180#, P.O. Box 64, Harvey, LA 70059. Photo please.

MUSCLE MAN
Big muscular studs wanted by New Orleans area bodybuilder to be weight training buddies and partners in hot, heavy duty sex workouts. Mark, P.O. Box 38, Lockport, LA 70374.

MARYLAND

COUNTRY BOY
GWM, 33, wishes friendhsip anywhere, 140 lbs., 5'11". Will answer all. Photo gets mine. P.O. Box 29, Reisterstown, MD 21136.

MASSACHUSETTS

SKIING
GWM 18-29 who likes ski weekends and total submission, C&B, TT, FF, electricity, enemas call (617) 256-2968.

IN COPENHAGEN
I wore a short-sleeved shirt (U.S. Army). Toi, brun, étudiant à Grenoble, from Boston? Please, send me yr. photo. Write to Claude Bigoin, P.R. 56100 Lorient, France (Poste restante).

LONELY WHITE MALE
GWM 39, 5'7" 135 lbs. Wants to be dominated. Into B/D, piss, shaving, spanking, scat, light S/M. Send descriptive letter plus photo to Allan Gillis, PO Box 261, Malden, MA 02148.

HOLYOKE, MASS.
Gay 37-white 5-8 160 lb. looking for men with big thick cock, black or white: spank me hard and fist fuck me good: face fuck me, cum all over my face. Love big thick dildoes, all welcome, no drugs, no money. Write: Ernie, Box 1204, Holyoke, MA 01040.

MICHIGAN

HOT-HUNG-HAIRY
GWM, 35, 153 lbs, built, seeks fun loving friend to 30, for skiing, and long champagne evenings, take a chance, P.O. Box 125, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858.

NEEDS GOOD FUCK
Horny W.M., 33, 6', 170 lbs, blonde, blue, 6", needs to be fucked by extra long or thick cocks. Into jocks, aroma, rimming, tit & ass play. New to Mich. from L.A. Nude photo & letter to P.O. Box 1228, Midland, MI 48640.

MINNESOTA

MINNESOTA GUYS
Are you hot? If you're a slender bi or GWM, 18-30, who enjoys getting a good head job and stimulating massage, I can do it! I can prolong your pleasure too. Send letter about yourself and phone # to: P.O. Box 6269, Mpls, MN 55406.

ROCHESTER MASTER
WM, 5'10", 170, 8". Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices into S&M, B&D, WS and more. Write Robert, 1030 Adams Road, South Rochester, MN 48063.

NEBRASKA

FRIENDSHIP WANTED
Seeking guys in Hastings area 18 to 35 for good times or just friendship. PO Box 791, Hastings, NE 68901-0791.

ALL AREAS
GWM, 23, 5' 5", Black/Blue, smooth nice build, seeks similar guys under 30 for good times. Write all—Tim, Box 202, Columbus, NE 68601.

NEW JERSEY

GWM—VERY DISCREET
Gives good head to straights or appearing so. Love masculine men. Age no barrier—hot photos and letters welcome. John De Voe, 372 Anderson Ave., Apt. 3-C, Cliffside Park, NJ 07010.

FRIENDS/PEN PALS
Goodlooking Bi/WM, 27, 5'11", 160 lbs., brown/blue, straight looking in good shape seeks same for hot times. No weirdos or drugs. Phone and photo, all answered. John Foley, 662 Broadway, Bayonne, NJ 07002.

W/M 20
Into cock sucking; I'll blow your mind! Photos get first choice. Write to: 633 Franklin Ave., Suite 210, Nutley, NJ 07110.

MARRIED MAN
WM, 5' 6", 24's, 120 lbs, 7". Seeks discreet daytime action. Indispensable photo, phone. Mike, P.O. Box 296, Elizabeth, NJ 07208.

HOT HUNGRY BOTTOM
Seeks VERSATILE, HUNG Topmen. I'm GWM, very goodlooking, 24, 6', 155 lbs., lt. brown/hazel. Photo/phone and needs . . . P.O. Box 5310, Plainfield, NJ 07060.

NEVADA

WANTED: PEN-PALFRIEND
23 year old in prison would like to correspond with a mature man. Age doesn't matter, just sincerity. Richard Deeds, PO Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701.

NEW MEXICO

GWM 37, 5'11",
Blk. hair & beard, hairy, 180 lbs., masculine, love the feel, smell, sight of leather. No S&M, rough stuff, fags. Occupant, 4020 San Mateo NE, Suite 114. Albuquerque, NM 87110.

RELOCATABLE SUBMISSIVE
Bi, W/M, 6'2", 200#, 35 straight appearing, oral slave to cock/balls. Lip serves any age, public/private. Into all but R/F, animals or pain. Love TV/TS, deep throat. Impotent OK. Cock/ball photo, list of demands please. Boxholder, P.O. Box 522, Texico, NM 88135.

NEW YORK

ATHLETIC BLOND, 22
Looking for pen pal and photo swap. Letter and nude photo gets mine. Eric, Box 33, Roslyn, NY 11576.

MYSTIC SEAPORT
I met you at Mystic Seaport Conn. Aug. 20, 1984. You're from Virginia but staying near Stamford Conn. Send photo discretion assured. P.M., P.O. Box 783, Sidney, NY 13838-0783.

GWM, 22
Seeks well built white male in Brooklyn or Queens area for a possible relationship. Must be straight acting, discreet and between the ages of 23 to 30. No fats, S&M, and kinks. Write letter with photo and phone # to: PO Box 587, Midwood Station, Brooklyn, NY 11230.

WESTCHESTER GWM
Seeks masculine, straight-acting discreet friend, (Muscle A+), 18-45, anywhere, for correspondence/meeting/sharing letter/photo: Box 3492, NYC 10185.

LOOKING FOR PERMANENT FRIEND
NYC. Very attractive bottom GWM 24, 6', 150 lbs, looking for the right person to build life with. Enjoy sports, movies, quiet times. Seek attractive top man with similar interestrs between 25-35. Photo appreciated. Write Mark Haas, 256 Hoyt, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

CENTRAL NY
Looking for GWM, 22-30 for lasting relationship. If you are goodlooking, dark hair w/moustache and willing to relocate, sincere, quiet & honest, write DIESEL, P.O. Box 150, Little Falls, NY 13365. Best letter w/photo answered.

ALL RUBBER WEARING TOPMEN
W/M 33 6' 145 bottom seeks introduction into rubber/latex scene. Only serious rubber loving topmen need reply with letter/foto to Rob, P.O. Box 2980, Rockefeller Center Station, NYC, NY 10185.

UPSTATE HUNK
GWM 28, 5'10", 162, well-built, blue-collar worker; interested in corresponding and meeting with sensual, erotic men for passionate romance. P.O. Box 393, East Syracuse, NY 13057.

HOUSEBOY SLAVE SON
Under 25 boy next door type wanted by sane business professional—No phonies/hustlers. Send application and photo. Jerry, 55 N. Bway, Apt. 1-24, White Plains, NY 10601.

SYRACUSE BODYBUILDER
39 5' 10", 150 lbs., attractive, trim, smooth, defined, hung, versatile desires contacts thoughout entire upstate area. P.O. Box 123, E. Syracuse, NY 13057.

GWM, 27
wants to exchange hot jock photos, jockstraps, nylon underwear, etc. PO Box 140, 4712 Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11234.

GBM, SMALL, 5'3", 145 LBS.;
57 yrs yng. Clean, discreet. B/J Exp. Sks macho Whites, P.R.'s, Orientals, to serv. free—my pad—good area (Bx.—near Stadium). Box 700, 132 W. 24th St., NYC 10011.

BEGINNER
GWM 22, 5'8, 155, 8". Looking for correspondence, Pen Pal and photo swap. Letters and hot nude photo gets all of mine. John, 4 W. Maple Ave., Suffern, NY 10901.

NORTH CAROLINA

JACKSONVILLE
GWM, 45. I have brown hair, brown eyes, 175 lbs., 5'11", 6" dick and have a short beard. Want someone to make love to while watching porn films in my home. Call (919) 346-4082 before midnight.

OHIO

WM—6'2"—180, UNCUT
6" × 1½" Masculine—Attractive, seeks same GM or Bi (Marrieds) Ages students to mature guys (sexy) for prolonged cock play, etc. with yours and mine. Personal & sexy data & photos gets reply. PO Box 20052, Columbus, OH 43220.

WANT GR/P GWM LIFEMATE!
Insatiable Greek Act. GWM, 52, 5'8", 150 lbs., 32" waist, 7" cut, needs burly, hot solely Greek passive GWM monogamous lifemate, age 40-60, over 6'3" tall, 240+ lbs. Must come to bed with dirty rear for prolonged, raunchy anal sex nightly! No W/S, no pain, drugs, smoke. No blacks. Only serious Greek passive GWM's will be answered! Write: Don, P.O. Box 556, Cleveland, OH 44107.

OKLAHOMA

MUSCULAR MEN WANTED
GWM, 21, 6', 169 lbs., 8" cock. Considered cute. Seeks honest, good-looking bodybuilders, jocks, studs and athletic men. You must have well defined chest. No S/M or B/D. Send letter, photo showing face/chest, if possible nude. John C., P.O. Box 19572, Oklahoma City, OK 73144.

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35/140 needs young slim slave. Limits expanded. Rod (918) 665-1885. P.O. Box 54760, Tulsa, OK 74155.

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Two GWM 21 & 25 wanting corresp. with young gays anywhere. No fems, SM or fems—discretion used—sincere —send photo and letter to: Ron & Vince, Box 1512, Albany, OR 97321.

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Willing to serve trim males. I love taking it in my mouth and ass. Hazleton Apt's, 701 W. 24 St., Apt. 1508, Hazleton, PA 18201. 454-5755 after 5 pm.

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GWM loves correspondence. Guys any age into photos or golf. Occupant, 110 N. Euclid Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15202.

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Mid-30s, looking for any male equally endowed. Anything goes! Send letter and photo to: D. Clifford, P.O. Box 340, Hazleton, PA 18201. Please hurry! I'm very horny.

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22, 5'8", 130
Brown eyes. Prefer 18-35. Penpals welcome. Enjoy fantasy letters. No fats, fems, or blacks. Send letter/photo to: Box 116, Central, SC 29630

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Esoteric GWM, 28, 5'9, 145, Gr/P. PO Box 16654, Greenville, SC 29606.

TEXAS

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VIRGINIA

ONE-TO-ONE
GWM, 31 5' 8", 185 lbs. Warm, gentle, sensitive. Will give what you let me take. Discretion a must. Photo gets mine and maybe more. P.O. Box 9172, Chesapeake, VA 23321.

WISCONSIN

HAIRY, HORNY, GWM,
32, seeks hot men 18-40 for uninhibited sex, nudity, foto swap. PO Box 1085, Madison, WI 53701.

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DUTCH GAY-BOY (27)
with moustache, wants to have contact with good-looking boys and men until 35 years old for friendship, sex and correspondence from U.S. and everywhere. I know English, German and Dutch. I only answer letters with a photo of you. Write Franz: Slotemaker de Bruïnweg 54-B, 6533 CJ Nÿmegen, NETHERLANDS.

GERMANY
Blond, sensuous stud 27/6'/130 looking for exciting, amusing correspondence and lustful meetings. Box 1726, 4620 Castrop-Rauxel, W. Germany.

SEASON'S GREETINGS
I want to wish the Greek Active studs a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year. And men thanks for being Greek Active. Bernard MacPherson, 432 Jarvis St., Apt. 603, Toronto, Ont. M4Y 2H3, CANADA.

WM SEEKING DISCREET,
sincere, honest, lasting friendship to enjoy country life. No fems, drugs, S&M, send phone, photo, Lance c/o Box 945, Carstairs, Alberta, Canada, T0M 0N0.

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shoes, leather, levi's and/or other clothing and want to meet others? Over 800 members. Send stamp to Foot Fratermity, POB 786, San Francisco, CA 94101.

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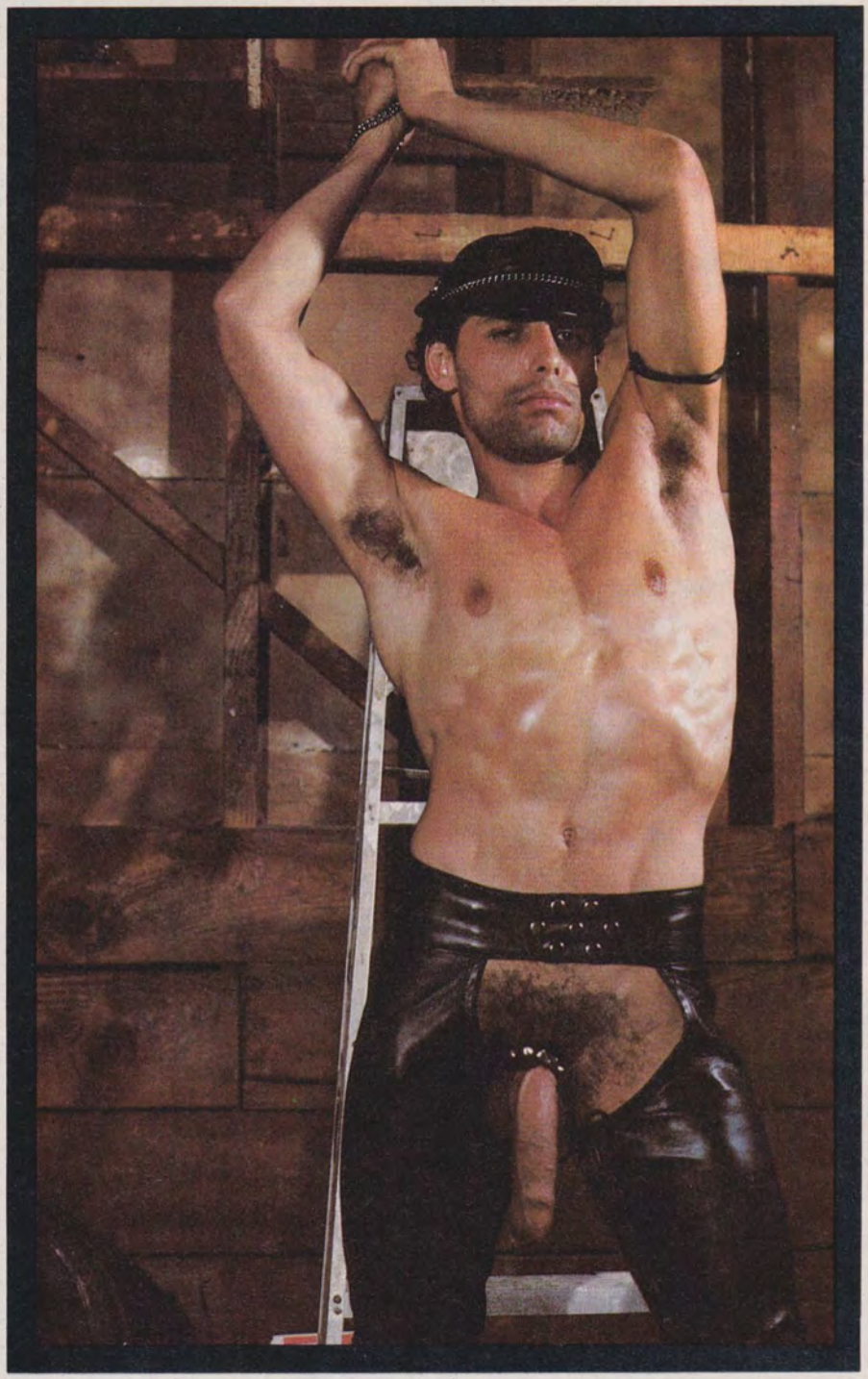

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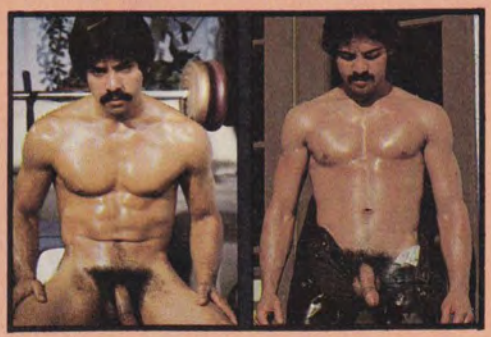

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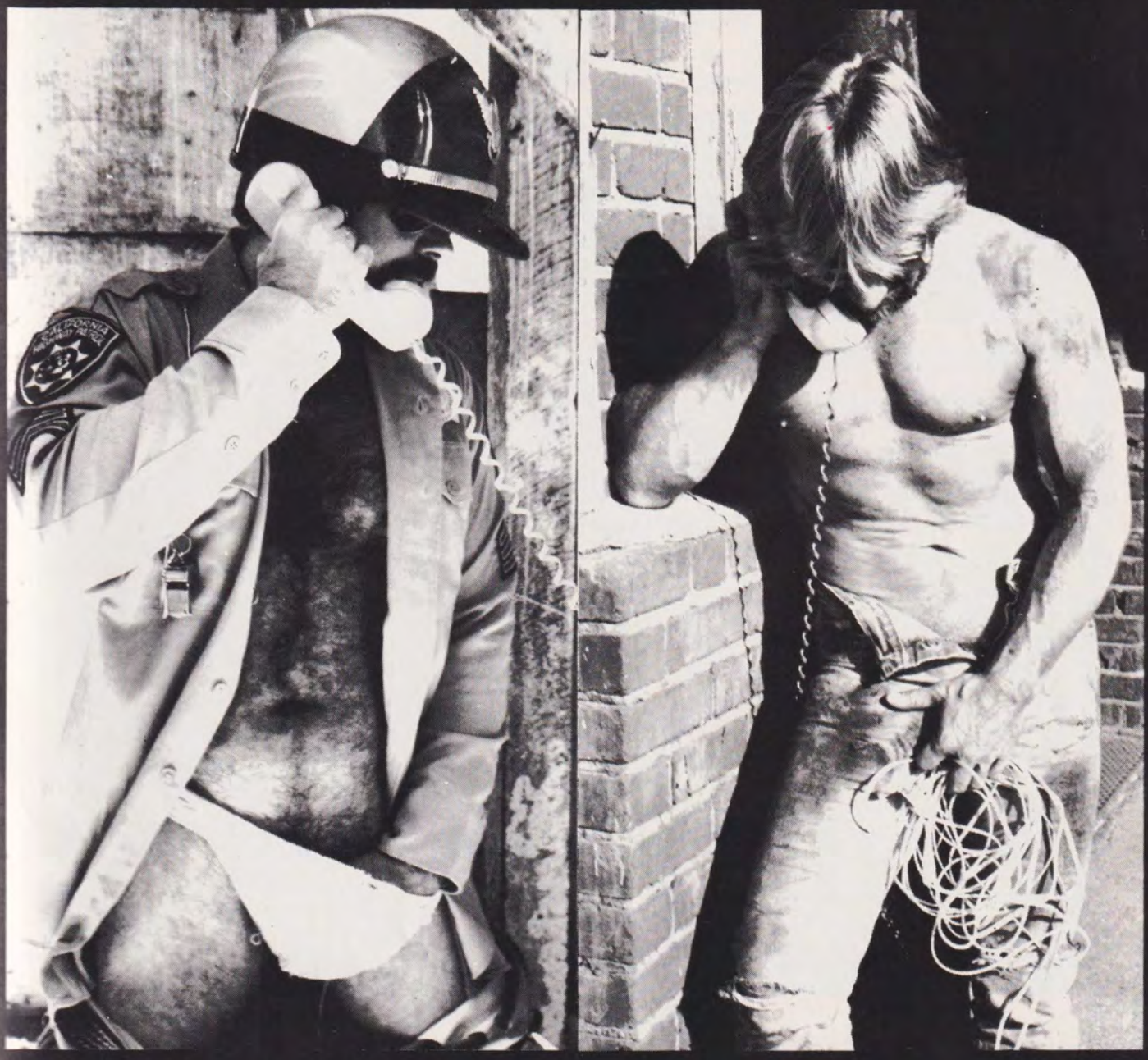

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